

Death of Sir John Tenniel, the Famous "Punch" Cartoonist.

# The Daily Mirror

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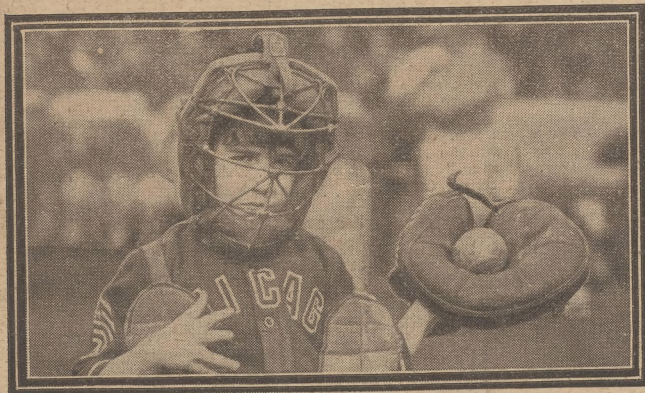
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1914

One Halfpenny.

THE "WHITE SOX" BEAT THE "GIANTS" IN THE GREAT BASEBALL MATCH AT CHELSEA.



Chicago's mascot holding the ball in a catcher's "mit." Note protective mask.



Boy mascot in catcher's armour.



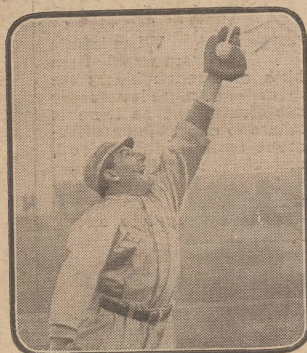
The King acknowledging the cheers.



Mascot at the bat in practice before the match. He much amused the spectators.



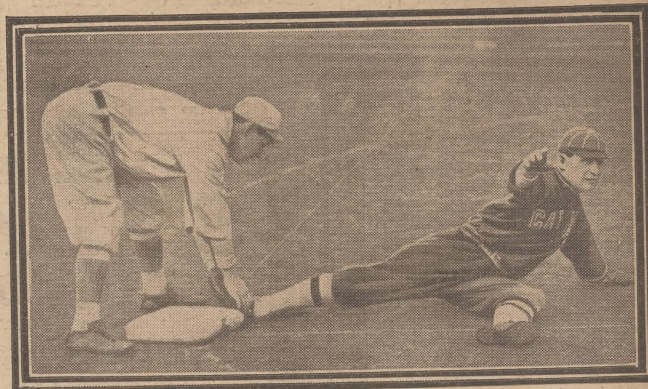
Pitchers, catchers and fielders in practice. Note protected stand behind home plate.



"Giant" catching a "fly ball."



Catcher blowing up his breast guard.



Runner put out in trying to steal a base by sliding to it.

Chelsea's ground has rarely held such a crowd for anything but a big football match as it did yesterday, when the two crack American teams, the New York "Giants" and the Chicago "White Sox" gave an exhibition of baseball. The latter won by 5 runs to 4, a score which reads curiously to the cricketing Englishman. This is the first occasion upon which the Londoner has had the opportunity of seeing America's national

game played by such redoubtable exponents, and the match was watched with the liveliest interest. Practically the whole of the American colony was present, and they must have enjoyed it as much as an exiled Englishman would have enjoyed seeing, say, Harlequins and Blackheath play in a strange land. Accompanying the King was Dr. Page, the American Ambassador.—(Daily Mirror-photographs.)



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Lung trouble often arises from the neglect of a simple cold or cough or from infection when in a weakened and "run down" condition. A course of SCOTT'S strengthens the lungs, protects against colds and coughs, and builds up every part of the body to resist or overcome weakness, disease, infection and the influences of winter weather.

"Early last year my patient had lung trouble; she was losing weight, only 5 stone and 18 years of age and had a slight hæmorrhage from the lungs. From the first bottle of SCOTT'S Emulsion she improved and gained in weight. I saw her a few weeks ago, and she seemed in the best of health and stronger with no sign of the tubercular trouble. Her weight now is 7 stone." (Signed) Nurse E. M. Wallelett, 5 Bath Place, Holywell Street, Oxford. 5/6/13.



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For over 200 years cod liver oil has held the foremost place as a curative agent for the treatment of bronchitis, consumption, catarrh and all affections of the throat and chest.—

## SCOTT'S Emulsion

furnishes the world's finest cod liver oil in its most palatable and easily-digestible form. But because SCOTT'S has won such a world-wide reputation there are many imitations, which look the same but have not the same curative and healing powers. Therefore, when buying SCOTT'S it is always necessary to see the fishman on the package—the sign of SCOTT'S quality and strength.

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# SENSATIONAL UNIONIST VICTORY AT LEITH BURGHS.

Liberal Beaten by 16 Votes in  
Three-Cornered Contest.

## LARGE LABOUR POLL

Seat Lost by Liberals for First Time  
in Eighty-Two Years.

### UNIONIST MAJORITY, 16.

This was the sensational declaration at Leith Burghs last night, when Mr. G. W. Currie won the seat from the Liberals in a three-cornered contest.

After a recount the official figures were announced as follows:—

Mr. G. W. Currie (Un.)	5,159
Mr. M. Smith (Lib.)	5,143
Mr. J. N. Bell (Lab.)	3,346

Unionist majority over Liberal  
UNIONIST GAIN. 16

The first count gave Mr. Currie a majority of thirteen, and the second sixteen. This is the first time a Unionist has been returned for the constituency since the Reform Act of 1832, and it is the second seat lost by the Government within a week, Bethnal Green being the other.

The Liberal majority at the last election was 1,785, and yesterday's remarkable figures reveal the fact that the Unionists gained the seat though polling a smaller number than in the first round at the last election. A comparison with the last election shows:—

Decrease in Unionist poll	125
Decrease in Liberal poll	1,926

How the voting has varied is shown by these figures of the last two general elections in the constituency:—

JANUARY, 1910.	DECEMBER, 1910.
Ferguson (Lib.)	7,145
Cranston (Un.)	4,540
Walker (Lab.)	2,724
Lib. majority	1,785
Lib. maj. over Un.	2,606

Yesterday's dramatic turnover in votes—the most sensational in the recent by-elections—makes the second Unionist victory in the last three by-elections, Bethnal Green, Mr. Masterman's old seat, being the first.

This by-election was caused by the appointment of Sir R. C. Munro-Ferguson to be Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

Mr. G. W. Currie, the new M.P., is a chartered accountant in Edinburgh, and had been candidate for the constituency for some time past. His father was rector of one of the Normal training colleges for teachers.

### BIG LABOUR POLL.

The Labour candidate, it was anticipated, would receive good support from the large number of dockers in the constituency, but a total of more than 3,000 was a great surprise.

This dramatic upheaval of the Labour vote follows a prolonged dock strike at Leith last year. The announcement of the result in the House of Commons last night arrived while Mr. Cassel was speaking, and was received with tremendous cheering by the Unionists.

Mr. Lloyd George, who was received with derisive Unionist cheers, said there was in Leith a progressive majority of over 3,000 for Home Rule, Land Reform and the taxation of land values—an increase in the taxation of land values majority of over 1,200.

Mr. Bonar Law last night dispatched the following telegram to Mr. Currie:—  
"Warmest congratulations on a victory which will appear to the loyalists of Ireland as a crowning mercy."  
BONAR LAW."

### UNIONISTS' FOURTEEN VICTORIES.

Since the general election in December, 1910, the Unionists have won the following seats:—

Cheltenham.	Midlothian.
Oldham.	Bow and Bromley.
South Somerset.	Newmarket.
North Ayrshire.	Reading.
South Manchester.	South Lanark.
Crews.	Bethnal Green.
North West Manchester.	Leith Burghs.

The seats won by the Liberals are Chesterfield (won from the Labour Party) and Londonderry.

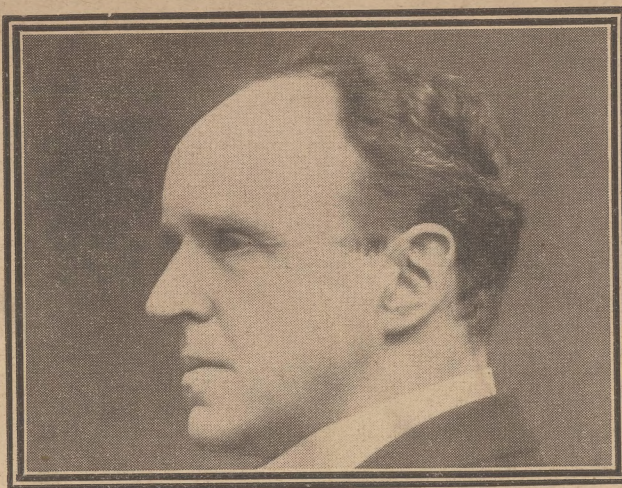
### AN X-CELLENT PLEDGE.

A novel method of signing the pledge adopted by Kikuyu (Uganda) chiefs is described by Sir Thomas Dewar, who has just returned from East Africa.

He relates how the Bishop of Uganda called a conference of about 100 Kikuyu chiefs, who sat on the ground and discussed the advisability of getting their people to swear not to touch the native beer until they were forty years old. The people took the oath on two crossed sticks.

The late King of Uganda, said Sir Thomas, was visited by members of different churches. He said to them: "You white men do not seem to agree upon your own religion. You go and talk it over, and agree which is the best religion, and then come back."

Dilwyn, the Waterloo Cup winner, and Distangie, her kennel companion, were the chief guests at the luncheon given by Messrs. J. E. and Stanley Dennis, of the big copper smelting firm, to 600 employees yesterday at Widnes, Lancashire.



Mr. G. W. Currie, the newly-elected M.P. for Leith Burghs. He is a well-known chartered accountant in Edinburgh.—(Elliott and Fry.)

## FAMOUS AMERICAN BASEBALLERS AT CHELSEA.

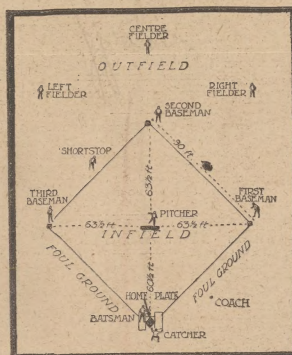
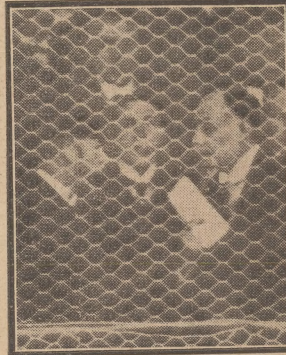


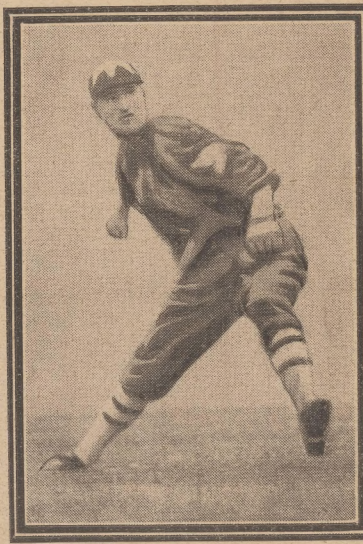
Diagram showing baseball "diamond" and position of players.



Wire netting to protect spectators from "foul" balls.



Benz wets the ball.



Benz (White Sox pitcher) delivering the ball.

Baseball, like other games, has its own language, and Benz, the Chicago pitcher, makes a speciality of the "spit" ball. Before delivering the ball he wets it at the spots where his fingers touch it, and he is able to make it twist and turn in different directions when it reaches the base.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## THE KING SEES WHITE SOX WIN.

Famous Baseballers Presented  
to His Majesty at Chelsea.

### "FANS" IN FRENZY.

Players Who Earn £2,000 a Year  
Fascinate Huge Crowd.

White Sox	5 runs.
Giants	4 runs.

That was the result, but cold type is almost useless to describe what the King and 20,000 Londoners saw yesterday in their first game of real American baseball at Chelsea Football Ground. In a whirlwind game the Chicago White Sox defeated the New York Giants and:—

Players made one-handed catches of balls whizzing like meteors.

Batsmen slugged curveting, red-hot deliveries to the top of the grand stand.

Played balls swerving like swallows and hurled with cannon-ball force.

"Fans" in a frenzy yelled "kill him!"

"Masked" umpire stood behind "catcher" without a tremor.

Players showed skill which earns them £2,000 a year.

That, faintly, was how the Americans played baseball.

The King, with whom was Sir Colin Keppel, arrived on the ground just before three o'clock.

There was a pleasing little ceremony just before the game started, when Dr. Page, the U.S. Ambassador, presented to the King Mr. Charles Comiskey, the proprietor of the White Sox; Mr. John McGraw, manager of the Giants; and Mr. James Callahan, manager of the four, all of whom are baseball players of renown.

His Majesty, wearing a dark overcoat and a bowler hat, took the greatest interest in the game, and frequently applauded the smart catching and fielding.

At times he laughed heartily at the excited American "fans" in the crowd yelling and screaming wild phrases at the players.

"ON YOUR TOES!" SHE YELLED.

One small American girl sitting near the King jumped up and down at intervals like a jack-in-the-box, screaming applause in a shrill voice: "Come along now, White Sox!" "On your toes, Giants!" "Try it on now, Sox!"

The White Sox, who wore blue jerseys with "Chicago" emblazoned on the front in his night, letters of red and white, appeared first, quickly followed by their rivals, the New York Giants, who wore a white uniform relieved with a very thin stripe of blue.

Then, when the game began, it was soon obvious why the catcher was armoured-covered and wore an inflated breastplate.

He was the man who had to stop the pitcher's lightning. And, because he did that without fail, he draws a salary equal to that of a Cabinet Minister—but is much more important in America.

The pitcher stood about twenty yards from the striker and threw in a ball with all his might, and with many curves and twists, while behind was the catcher or wicketkeeper, protected by a wire mask, gloves, leg pads, and other armour.

Behind him was the umpire, Mr. William Klem, also in a mask. To the left behind the base line was the coach of the batting team, frequently shouting advice to his men as to when to run.

With a mighty smack that thrilled the crowd, one "Sox" hit the ball out of the ground, and, as innings quickly followed innings, many tremendous drives were made.

The King, through the American Ambassador, last evening sent a message to the players that "he was highly delighted with the game."

(Photographs on page 1.)

### BASEBALL OR CRICKET.

What is the peculiar fascination that renders— I mean baseball—holds over the American people? It has little of the science of cricket, it is certainly faster in parts, and the personal element may come into it more, but to use an old English phrase, "It isn't cricket."

The pitcher throws the ball—a white one, and therefore much easier to see—and he must hurl it over a base at a height no lower than the batsman's knee or higher than his shoulder. He can invent it with top spin or swerve, and so make it dip or swim or curl in the air from leg or off. But so could almost any cricketer if he were allowed to throw. That is one of the great differences. It is throwing, not bowling.

The batsmen all wear a big padded glove on the left hand, which seems to have a hollow in it, and they certainly do catch very unerringly. But so would any English first-class cricket team. Their throwing in the first most wonderful part of the game.

The ball goes straight as an arrow to the man on the base, and sometimes it is possible to get two men out from one stroke, so quickly does first base transfer the ball to second or third or home base.

The clubs, which appear to be about 2½ in. in diameter, are fearsome weapons, but they are a swipe with the full arm and the neat turn of the wrist which will dispatch a cricket ball to the boundary by a crisp late cut, or the leg glide, or even the full leg hit, or cow shot, and no place in the game.

There were only three really great full-bodied drives in twenty-two innings, and one of them won the game.

(Continued on page 14.)



# MAN WHO WAS 'PUNCH' FOR 50 YEARS.

Sir John Tenniel, Cartoonist Without Rival, Dies Aged 93.

## CREATOR OF "ALICE."

"Do they suppose that there is anything funny about me?"

That was the indignant question put by John Tenniel—whose death was announced yesterday—to a friend who showed him Mark Lemon's invitation to join the staff of *Punch*. Sir John Tenniel accepted that invitation, was cartoonist for *Punch* for fifty years, and would have been ninety-four years of age to-morrow.

No one will ever know what Douglas Jerrold really supposed when he urged Lemon to offer the young painter of thirty the place left vacant by the resignation of Doyle, the infatigably funny.

But the offer made history in the world of journalism as perhaps no other ever did. Sir John Tenniel related the political story of half of the nineteenth century in the pages of *Punch*, and could claim, indeed, to have created the cartoon as understood in England.

### ART OF LEAVING OUT.

His influence on the art of the cartoon was immense. This appreciation of Tenniel's art was given yesterday by Mr. W. K. Haselden, *The Daily Mirror* cartoonist:—

"The quality, I think, which endeared him most to us all was that he was typically English—he created the best English quality," Mr. Haselden added:—

There was a wholesomeness, a quiet dignity and reserve about his drawings which stood out above all else. He could depict, say, an angry man without any hysterical shrieking, and yet quite forcibly. He could suggest and lead to the imagination. The whole of the profession will regret the great loss to the drawing world in general his death has entailed. There is no one who can quite take his place.

Everyone who saw *Punch* at all during the fifty years that continued to come out of his hand knew the "Alice in Wonderland" books, has done homage to the art of Tenniel. His pencil has pleased millions. Never since Hogarth's day has there been such a universality of appreciation.

From the children in the nursery, laughing over Father William, or the Mad Hatter, to John Ruskin on the pinnacle of criticism uttering judgment on the cartoons, he has delighted all.

With all his fame Sir John was one of the paradoxes of the London art world. There was no artist whose name was so familiar to every class of whom so little was known.

Sir John was a Londoner. He was born and educated in Kensington. Contrary to dogma, he was a self-taught artist, which, in the academic days of his youth, made his selection as one of the painters of the famous Houses of Parliament frescoes all the more remarkable. He was only twenty-five when he carried out this commission, and painted a realisation of Dryden's "St. Cecilia." Five years later he joined the staff of *Punch*.

He succeeded the famous "Dike" Doyle, father of Sir Conan Doyle, who retired because of its critical attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church. His first cartoon, "Lord Jack, the Giant Killer," was published a year afterwards. His last, "Time's Appeal," appeared on January 2, 1901.

### TRAGEDY OF LOSS OF SIGHT.

During the fifty years of strenuous work between the two drawings Sir John Tenniel drew nearly 3,000 cartoons, besides innumerable other illustrations.

It is safe to say that no political cartoons ever created anything like the sensation caused by those of Tenniel.

The two most famous were "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger" and "Dropping the Pilot." Both these cartoons created a great sensation on their appearance. The former appeared after the Indian Mutiny horrors of 1857, and took England by storm.

Sir John himself confessed to a partiality for "Dropping the Pilot," which has since become a classic. This pathetic picture illustrated the dismissal of Prince Bismarck by Kaiser.

The original drawing was bought by Lord Rosebery, who presented it to Bismarck. "Ah!" sighed the fallen statesman, looking at it and shaking his head, "no one ever had a better pleader than this great English artist who has done this. It is indeed a fine drawing."

He could draw President Carnot bounding in the air like a ballet-dancer, and the picture would be dignified. He could show the British Lion preposterous check trousers and white waistcoat, and there would be dignity in it.

Sir John finally retired in 1901. He had already lost the sight of one eye, and latterly was quite blind.

The remains of the late Sir John Tenniel will be cremated at Golders Green.

(Photographs on page 16.)

## BOOK OF 2,000 PRESCRIPTIONS.

Among the books which every household should have is a guide to the treatment of all forms of sickness and disease.

This week sees the publication of a work which will be by far the best book of medical reference ever issued. Not only is it edited by a well-known doctor, but the Editor has had the co-operation of thirty of the most eminent specialists in the kingdom. The actual treatment necessary is clearly set forth and some 2,000 prescriptions are given in simple language.

Timely reference to the "Family Encyclopedia of Medicine" may often be the means of averting a dangerous disease in its early and curable stages. Issued in fortnightly parts at sevenpence each, the work has been brought within the reach of the most modest household.

## INDIAN LOVE ROMANCE.

Princess Sudhira of Cooch Behar Weds Her English Brother-in-Law.

"Pale hands I love beside the Shalimar."—Indian Love Lyrics.

CALCUTTA, Feb. 26.—The wedding was celebrated quietly yesterday of the Princess Sudhira, youngest sister of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, and Mr. Alan Jocelyn Mander, of Wolverhampton. The newly-married couple leave for England to-night.—Central News.

Mr. Alan Mander is twenty-one, and his bride nineteen. They will live in London.

It is scarcely two years ago that the beautiful young Princess Pretiva, the second daughter of the late Maharajah of Cooch Behar, and sister of the present Maharajah, married Mr. Lionel Henry Mander, of Woburn, Bedfordshire, brother of the bridegroom of Wednesday.

The bridegroom is a son of the late Mr. Samuel Theodore Mander, a nephew of Sir Charles Tertius Mander, Bart., and a member of the family which owns the famous paint and varnish business of Mander Brothers in Wolverhampton.

Mr. Alan Mander met his bride in a very romantic way. A few months ago she was ill in a London nursing home.

With his sister-in-law he called at the home, left in love with her, and then there began a friendship which blossomed into Wednesday's wedding. It was only a few months ago that Mr. Alan Mander and Mr. Patrick Nolan, of the Royal Aero Club, had a most thrilling experience in the English Channel.

By lighting their last match as a signal of distress they were rescued in the nick of time from a sinking balloon.

(Photographs on page 9.)

## HOW MR. BENTON DIED.

Mr. Bryan Has Complete Report, But Keeps It Secret for the Present.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—Mr. Bryan has received from Mr. Edwards a complete record of the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Benton. Mr. Bryan refuses to make the report public at present and he has sent a copy to Sir Cecil Spring Rice, who will cable it to the British Foreign Office.

Mr. Edwards reports that he has been unable to trace Mr. Bauch, Mr. Lawrence or the other missing men.—Exchange.

EL PASO, Feb. 26.—Mr. Michaelis, from New York, who was released from prison yesterday, declares that Bauch, the German American, and thirteen Americans besides himself, were imprisoned there.

During his eleven days' imprisonment Mr. Michaelis declares he saw through a peephole nine executions. A man named Gray, he adds was among those thus shot.—Reuter.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—At a conference between Mr. Bryan and Sir Cecil Spring Rice to-day it was decided that Mr. Percival should not proceed to Mexico to examine Mr. Benton's body "until better arrangements can be made."

President Wilson disposed of a report that he was considering the dispatch of troops to Mexico to recover Mr. Benton's body by saying that no such idea was entertained. Such action would be in effect an act of war.

The Government were slowly finding out that some of the first reports regarding the Benton incident were not true.—Reuter.

## MR. BENTON'S BODY BURNED?

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—A telegram from El Paso states that the official investigation into the circumstances of Mr. Benton's death will commence to-day.

According to advices from Juarez, it is very generally believed that the body will not be found, and many reiterate the statement that it has been burned.—Central News.

In reply to a question yesterday by Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Grey stated that Villa would be pressed to hand over the body to Mr. Benton's widow.

## DR. MAWSON BACK FROM THE ANTARCTIC.



Dr. Mawson.

## YOUNG-AGE PENSIONS.

Woman Commissioner's Suggestion of State Aid for Children.

State pensions for children!

That was one of the striking points made by Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, the American writer, in a special interview at the Savoy Hotel which she gave to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

After a world tour Miss Loeb has come to the conclusion that it's best to feed the widow and her children have a claim on the State, and to keep her home intact seems to be the process of the most progressive legislation.

Another important deduction also is that the family life for the child is regarded from past experience and statistics to be the best medium for rearing the future citizen—whether that family life is given in its parental home, with relatives or foster guardians.

Miss Loeb thinks there are too many workhouses and almshouses in this country.

The great idea in England seems to be in care for the aged with old-age pensions, which, of course, are necessary under the prevailing conditions.

"But would it not be wiser," she suggests, "to start at the other end—with youth—as we hope to do in America?"

If the authorities would look after the children and help them to grow up into healthy, intelligent men and women, there would be less need for workhouses and almshouses."

Miss Loeb is a member of an important commission appointed by the Legislature of New York State to investigate relief in the home for all dependent children with a view to making a new law for their benefit. To see what is being done in this direction by foreign Governments, she has just completed the third tour of Europe.

Miss Loeb's opinion is: How shall the State best conserve the child so that he or she becomes an asset rather than a liability to the community? In Denmark, Miss Loeb said, the widow is given £3 a year by the State for each child until it is fourteen years old.

## SIXTEEN RIDE IN AERIAL OMNIBUS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Feb. 26.—In his aerial omnibus, which cost £4,800, Engineer Sikorsky yesterday took up sixteen passengers for a flight lasting seventeen minutes, says a telegram from St. Petersburg.

The interior of the omnibus is hermetically closed.

## BIBLE BY JEWS FOR JEWS.

There is great rejoicing in the Jewish world over the completion of the first English translation of the Old Testament "by Jews for Jews." It will be published shortly at a low price.

It is the culmination of a dream of nearly fifty years, and was brought about by six years' patient labours of some of the most distinguished scholars among the Jewish people.

A feature of the new version is that it follows with strict precision the order of the Books, as given in the original Hebrew.

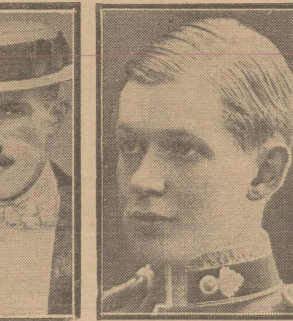
## £200 FOR A HAT.

Two hundred pounds is a price that easily may be paid for a hat, *The Daily Mirror* was told yesterday.

A hat costing £290, a representative of a famous establishment in the West End told *The Daily Mirror*, "would, of course be trimmed with osprey, and each little separate hair of osprey costs at least 9d. nowadays. Many osprey articles cost £30 and feather mounts forty and fifty guineas."

Hats may yet be dearer—£100 is no uncommon price for a hat in Paris, and £50 and £60 for a hat in London."

## DR. MAWSON BACK FROM THE ANTARCTIC.



Dr. Mawson.

## GRIM FARM DRAMA.

Son Charged with Murdering His Brother and Father.

## £13,700 LIFE POLICY.

How the placid life of a farmhouse family was tragically interrupted one night by a grim drama of shots was related at Bingham (Notts) Police Court yesterday.

Pleading not guilty, Frederick Houghton, corn factor, of Whaddon, was committed for trial charged with the wilful murder of his brother Jasper and their father, William Houghton, on February 10.

The motive for the alleged crime suggested by the prosecution was an insurance policy for £13,700 taken out on Jasper's life.

## "A BAD JOB FOR MOTHER."

Mr. Pryne, in opening the case for the Crown, said the prisoner had been living at home with his parents at Whaddon, and he and his younger brother Jasper had led the happiest possible life.

On the night of February 10 Mrs. Houghton found her husband and Jasper in the dining-room. Over the mantelpiece in the kitchen, counsel explained, there had been hanging a double-barrelled brechechard gun in a six laize case. The gun was in that position at six o'clock.

Jasper suddenly left the dining-room and went upstairs, and a moment afterwards Mrs. Houghton heard the report of a gun. Thereupon her husband dashed upstairs, and Mrs. Houghton once more heard a gunshot. "She ran out of the room, and saw her husband fall backwards down the stairs."

Looking up, she then said the prisoner, at the top of the stairs. "She called out to him, 'What is it? What is it?'" and he replied, "Oh, mother! It is the gun."

"To a policeman who was called in prisoner said: 'Here is the gun. I picked it up as I came downstairs.'"

It was the gun, said the advocate, that used to hang up over the kitchen fireplace.

When Deputy Chief Constable Harrop arrived he said: "This is a very bad business for your mother." The prisoner, said Mr. Pryne, replied:—

"It's a bad job for mother; I don't know so much about myself. He has not made a will, and I am the eldest son."

Jasper appeared to have been shot full in the face, but the father's injuries were on the left side of the head.

### INCIDENT ON MILL BALCONY.

There was a very strong motive in this case, continued Mr. Pryne. The father had a banking account with the London City and Midland Bank, and from 1905 the prisoner had been authorised to draw cheques on behalf of his father.

Frederick had guaranteed the account to the amount of £2,500, and on February 10 the account was overdrawn to the extent of £4,800, and pressure was put upon both the father and the prisoner, but nothing was done.

In January of this year the prisoner, who was an agent for the Sun Insurance Company, arranged for Jasper's life to be insured for £13,700.

On January 26, said Mr. Pryne, there was an incident at the mill to which the two brothers and Mr. Greasley went to take measurements.

All of a sudden Jasper appeared to nearly fall over from the balcony to the ground, and made use of some expression like "My God!"

Evidence was then called. Mrs. Houghton, appearing much distressed, was attended by a nurse as she sat in the witness-box.

She said that when she went to call for help Frederick took her by the arm and said: "Mother, there is a man there. Go in, go in." She saw no man, but her son tried to push her in the house.

Dr. Cope, of Wotton, gave evidence as to the prisoner having suffered from epilepsy some time, and Mr. Bradwell, for the defence, asked whether he was not right in saying that persons suffering from epilepsy are liable to some tendencies.

"Particularly in minor cases," replied witness. The district manager of the Sun Life Insurance Company said that in April last year the prisoner spoke to him about insurance and told him that Jasper had come into a private income and they at home thought it a wise thing to sink part of the income in life assurance.

## "FOUGHT AGAINST BRITAIN."

The deported Labour leaders visited the House of Commons yesterday, and were shown round by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Arthur Henderson.

Later they were entertained to a private dinner in the House by the Labour members.

At question time the House Major Archer-Shee asked whether Mr. Bain, one of the deported men, was a British subject at the time of the South African War, and whether he had fought in that war against this country?

Mr. Harcourt replied that he had no recent information on the subject except what had appeared in the records of the War Office at the time of the South African War, that Mr. Bain was naturalised in the Transvaal in 1890, and fought against Britain in the South African War, and had since been a prisoner in Ceylon.

## "TO-DAY'S WEATHER."

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Variable to freshening southerly winds; fair and misty to dull, with rain at times; milder. Lightning to time, 6.35 p.m. High-water at London Bridge at 4.44 p.m. Observations, Holborn-circus, City, 6 p.m.—Barometer, 30.0; thermometer, 47°; wind, N.W., very light; weather, fair and cool, but hazy or misty. Sea passages will be smooth to moderate in the south and east and rather rough in the west.





The Queen of Bulgaria.

**A Queen on Tour.**  
It is rumoured, I see, in the Paris papers that the Queen of Bulgaria is about to leave for America, where she will give a series of lectures in four or five of the biggest cities, the proceeds to be devoted to Bulgarian works of charity. If the report should be confirmed her Majesty may be assured in advance that her progress through America will be nothing less than a golden pilgrimage.

#### Triad Them on His Family.

A famous hotel manager was grumbling to a friend of mine recently of the bad state of the produce markets. There was so little variety available, and what there was was dear, he complained.

My friend suggested that the restaurant keepers didn't pay sufficient attention to the markets. "Why don't you give us sprats, they're cheap enough?" he asked.

"Sprats?" exclaimed the hotelier, "what are they?" His customer explained.

"I'll try them on my family," he said.

#### Fresh Sardines.

A few days later "Grilled fresh sardines" figured on the menu of the famous hotel. My friend realised that his advice had been taken.

"How do your customers like them," he asked.

"Immensely," the manager admitted, "a great success."

A few weeks later my friend called for "fresh sardines" again. There were none. He inquired of the manager.

"It's no good," said that autocrat sadly. "People discovered what they really were, and the demand ceased at once—and yet when they didn't know," he added, "they declared them the most delightful dish they had ever tasted."

#### Muscular at Ninety.

Sir John Tenniel was particularly proud of his muscular development. "Feel my arm," he said to me gaily not so long ago. And to feel his biceps was an astonishing experience.

Here was a man over ninety with the tangible evidence of muscular development sufficient to challenge the anthropometric committee of the British Association.

He used to delight in giving further evidences of muscular fitness. "Once muscular, always muscular," he said. "Many years ago I was a member of the old St. George's Rowing Club. We used to row against it from Westminster to Putney regularly."

#### Mr. Burgo Challenges Mr. Bettinson.

Mr. Dick Burgo is very much interested in the fact that Mr. A. F. Bettinson is advising Bombardier Wells on his training for the match with Blake on Tuesday. He now issues a sporting challenge to box Mr. Bettinson himself any number of rounds at any place.

What an attraction such a match would be for a "charity" performance! And the pictures of such a contest would be interesting, almost as interesting as those of the Blake and Wells match itself, which you will see in *The Daily Mirror*.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

#### Which Means Joyful.

The following letter has been received from the Gold Coast by the London agents of the Adler motor-cars:—

"I Submitting Sir, My Dear Friend, with much Delight to inform you This a few lines Which I hope That He will meet you a good State at Condition Which means Joyful, which I was here present.

"Dear Best, I having your Name & address from a Certain man. So I was wrote you This a few letter. So sent me some of your Catalogue to sent Something in. I pleaded you So much Do Not Refused, to sent it to me. Yours J. D. Adelekim."

The Adler people send it to me hoping I can translate—I can't.

#### Sir Edward's Worried Signal.

Sir Edward Grey has been subjected to a good deal of badgering during the week over the murder of Mr. Benton in Mexico. Of all Ministers, however, Sir Edward is the last to show signs of embarrassment, and under the fiercest fire of criticism the chill-voiced Foreign Secretary has never been known to lose his temper. The only outward sign of mental uneasiness is his strange little way, in moments of crisis, of scratching the top of his head with all his fingers.

#### One Enough—Two Too Few.

I was induced by an American to try a new cocktail at the club last night. He called it a "polo cocktail." It was, I learned, made of orange juice, French and Italian vermouth and gin (in equal quantities), topped off with a quick squeeze of lemon peel. I found it a very good aperitif, but would advise anybody to be wary of more than two of them at one sitting.

#### No Tears.

As I came out of the Lyceum Theatre on Wednesday night two girls in front of me were eagerly discussing the new play. "I think it's lovely," said one. "Yes, but it doesn't make you cry a bit, do it?" said the other, and sighed regretfully.

#### Nellie Farrer's Last Rose.

To-night is Miss Ella Retford's benefit night in pantomime at Birmingham, where this clever little comedienne has scored a record success. Benefits have gone out of fashion in recent years, but Birmingham still clings to the old tradition, and rewards its principal boy with a bumper house.

Since Miss Retford was presented with Nellie Farrer's last rose she has received from well-wishers any number of other interesting souvenirs of the great burlesque artist.

People have offered ridiculous prices for the Nellie Farrer rose, but Miss Retford is not selling.



Miss Ella Retford.

#### Paris Wants Free Dances.

The Parisians are suffering from the dance mania. They begin to dance shortly after the luncheon hour, and when the rosy fingers of the dawn steal across the horizon the giddy inhabitants of the gay city are still tripping more or less merrily.

Now a number of them have formed themselves into what they call "Le Comité des Joies de Paris," and 13,000 of these have sent a petition to the City Fathers to re-establish the balls at the Hotel de Ville.

Need I say that from time immemorial the City Hall balls have been gratis, and that one of the main attractions of these municipal festivities is a free and generous buffet?

#### No Reply.

The Nine deported labour leaders have not so far deigned to answer the offer made them by the London Hippodrome. Several people who visited the theatre yesterday inquired at the box-office if the "dear deported" were going to appear on the stage and sing "The Red Flag."

#### "The Red Flag."

"The Red Flag," by the way, is supposed to be a most stirring and martial ballad. Yet so prominent a Socialist as Mr. G. B. Shaw said of it:—"Whenever I hear 'The Red Flag' I feel that I want to creep under the bed and howl like a cur."

#### On the Edge of a Volcano.

A friend of mine, a hardened, experienced critic, has read the opening chapters of the new *Daily Mirror* serial, "The Story of a Woman's Heart," which begins on Wednesday next. His comment is: "It should cause nearly every married man and woman to think seriously how but for happy chance each might have become involved in just such a terrible predicament as the bride and bridegroom in the story."

"Most of us," he added, "have lived on the edge of a volcano without realising it."

#### Work Before Vanity.

I met a well-known woman physician yesterday, and was surprised to see that she had her hair which used to be luxuriant, cut short. "Votes?" I queried anxiously.

"No," she said by way of explanation, "I've not cut my hair because I'm going to become a suffragette. I have innumerable night calls. It was these that induced me to cut it off. I don't have to waste five or ten minutes now to do up my hair."

#### Quite English.

I have often admired Miss Marie Lloyd's strong British characteristics. Now I understand them. It is a matter of ancestry. Her great-grandfather was mate of the Victory under Nelson. The bulldog spirit prevails.

#### To-day's Grumble.

With a metropolitan magistrate's vast experience of 1116, Mr. Cecil M. Chapman contributes a grumble to-day to my collection. He says:—

"There are three matters which daily offend my ideas of justice and common sense. The stupidity of treating all drunks as criminals when the majority of them can be perfectly cured; and the wickedness of treating innocent women who have been obliged to divorce their husbands as if they had done something of which they ought to be ashamed.

And, lastly, the injustice and folly of pretending to deal effectively with the family as the unit of the State without allowing women to express themselves politically for the improvement of the home."

#### Climbing Out of a Hole.

Everyone has heard authentic stories of the man who asked another, "Who is that old frump over yonder?" and received the reply, "She is my wife." But the story doesn't far enough.

Jones observed an old lady sitting across the room.

"For heaven's sake!" he remarked to Robinson, "who is that extraordinarily ugly woman there?"

"That," answered Robinson, "is my wife."

Jones was taken aback, but moved up front again.

"Well," he said, persuasively, "you just ought to see mine!"

#### A Slight Mistake.

This is the latest theatrical story. Mr. Harry Tate, in order to appear at the recent royal charity matinee at the Palace, had to be on first turn. He did not expect the house to be full, and was therefore surprised to hear a great roar of cheering when he walked across the stage. "We're going great," he remarked to one of his company.

"They weren't cheering you. The Queen's just come into her box," was the reply, and this was the truth.

#### The Six o'Clock Bed Habit.

I telephoned a friend's house shortly before seven o'clock last night.

"He's in bed, sir," was the reply.

"Not ill, I hope, sir?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sir, he often goes to bed when he comes home from the City. He'll be up about midnight; will you ring again?"

#### He Has Two Bedtimes.

Not knowing who was mad, I or his servant, I went round to inquire. And this is the solemn truth. He has the night club habit badly, and that his health may not suffer he goes to bed as soon as he comes home, sleeps till midnight, goes out and enjoys a merry supper at one of his clubs, comes back to bed between five and six o'clock in the morning and breakfasts at the usual time. Lots of people do it, he tells me.

The only thing I can say about it is that it is more sensible than not going to bed at all, but—

THE RAMBLER.

### ALONE IN ETERNAL SNOW

**Dr. Mawson Saved by Chance Find of Cache After 30 Days Ordeal.**

ADELAIDE, Feb. 26.—The Aurora arrived late this afternoon. Dr. Mawson delays giving a full account of the disastrous sledging journey in which his two companions, Lieutenant Nimms and Dr. Mertz, perished, leaving him to struggle on by himself over the snow-swept plateau of Victoria Land, until he finally reached the base, to find that the Aurora had left.

He says, however, that after the deaths of his companions he was alone for thirty days, and had a miraculous escape from starving. He was stumbling along when, seeing a black spot in the snowstorm, he discovered a cache left by the search parties.

Inside he found food which sufficiently restored him to enable him to reach the base, twenty-one miles further on. He was only able to cover two miles a day.

Speaking generally of the expedition, Dr. Mawson said it had been eminently successful.

Dr. Mawson said that the wind experienced at the base was terrific. During the whole of one month it averaged sixty-three miles per hour, and for one month it blew 116 miles an hour, while gusts frequently gauged over 200 miles per hour.

The explorer declares that the expedition's experiences have unquestionably demonstrated the value of wireless telegraphy, and that no expedition should ever dream of going out without wireless equipment.—Reuter.

### HIS GOLDEN SILENCE.

**Mr. Somerset Maugham After Lapse of Time Gives London Another Fine Play.**

Mr. Somerset Maugham has been silent for a long time. But he has been silent to some purpose.

The "Land of Promise," his new play, produced at the Duke of York's Theatre last night, is one of the most human and sincere pieces of living drama seen on the modern stage.

Tough outline of the play is as follows:—North Marsh was a lady's companion for ten years in Tambridge Wells. She thought her patroness would leave her a competence, but the old woman died and left her nothing. The quiet backwater of the lady's life ran rather deeper.

She went to her brother, who had married a hotel waitress, and farmed on the Canadian prairie. She suffered humiliation here until at last, as a way of escape, she asked a "hired man," a farm labourer, to marry her.

She went with him to his lonely "shack," and then the full significance of the bargain she had made came down upon her. For freedom—this a lady isolated in a rude prairie but with her rough, resolute and obdurate husband—but he held her prisoner. And then as the months rolled away the miracle of love came to her and a sense of purpose.

She found "the Land of Promise." Miss Irene Vanbrugh acted with wonderful strength and beauty as North, and Mr. Godfrey Tearle made a fine bit of portraiture out of the husband.

### "SHOVE A BUZZ ROUND."

**Naval Slang Which Puzzled Judge in Muller Divorce Suit.**

Evidence by a mother and father on behalf of their daughter was given yesterday in the Divorce Court.

The hearing of the petition for divorce by Mrs. Maud Muller against her husband, Lieutenant Muller, was again adjourned. Lieutenant Muller cross-petitions for divorce, citing Lieutenant Wilson as co-respondent. All charges are denied.

Mr. Hooman, father of Mrs. Muller, said she was introduced in 1910 on the moors to Lieutenant Wilson, who became very friendly with the family and was so still.

Counsel: You have had an opportunity of seeing Lieutenant Wilson in the society of your daughter. Was there anything in their conduct of which you disapproved?—None whatever to which I could object.

Mrs. Hooman, mother of Mrs. Muller, gave similar evidence.

John Collins, wine steward on the Ariadne, said that on the occasion when Lieutenant Wilson and Mrs. Muller were said to have lunched together Commander Thumwood was on board. Asked to describe what took place with regard to the peeping through the keyhole, witness said he looked and saw nothing but a tall hat.

Did you afterwards speak to Stewart (another witness)?—I asked him if he was trying to "shove a buzz round."

His Lordship: What is that?—A rumour.

The hearing was adjourned.

### WHO POPS THE "???"

**Novelist and Question as to Whether Women Propose Marriage.**

Do women propose marriage; if so, is it right that they should thus take the initiative?

These are the problems suggested by the statement made by Mrs. Frank Strenser-Reuter, an American woman, to the effect that nine out of ten marriages contracted in Chicago during the last five years were the result of women's proposals.

Mrs. Elizabeth York-Miller, the well-known novelist, gave to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday her opinion on the question.

"I do not think that women propose," she said, "I don't think it would make much difference if they did, as men are not nowadays chivalrous enough to marry a woman they do not wish to marry."

"I think that the actual proposal hardly exists—two young people come to an understanding without definite words, in most cases."

Other people, asked their opinions, gave ideas as follow:—

GIRL TYST: Certainly no nice woman ever proposes, and should not in any case.

PHOTOGRAPHER: If a man is very shy a woman has been known to propose.

On Page 11.—Now is the Time to Fight the Bustle; Latest Paris Fashion Sketch and New Materials of This Spring—An Expert's Notes.



[illegible]

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# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1914.

## "MISDIRECTED ENERGY."

FAR back in dim Victorian days, when we elderly Georgians were children, we remember there was a phrase that periodically rang, with reproaches, in our ears, "Getting into mischief" was the phrase: Mischief being a condition or territory that waited always at hand for infants. Were you left alone in the room with breakables or catables about—immediately the doors and windows opened unto Mischief. Or perhaps Mischief was a sort of fluid, or fascinating stain, like the stain of walnuts or mud pies? We could never locate, or define, the essence of it; until, growing dull, we were removed at a great distance from it; or lost, in other words, anybody with sufficient authority to reprove us for coming near it.

And now we find that the old opinions of childish crime and punishment are utterly extinct, and that Mischief has, by consequence, become extinct also. There is no such thing as Mischief. There are no such things as sin and crime. There is merely "misdirected energy." It is the popular pedagogic description of those impulses that led little Johnny—as the bad boy was named in Victorian times—to dismember flies, to purloin dough nuts and bulls' eyes, to tease his brothers and sisters, and even to drive a poisoned pin into the back of the brain of his aged grandmother who had reproached him for standing on her toe.

Now the theory of misdirected energy—the phrase has just been criticised in Parliament—would give us an easy cure for these impulses of young Johnny. A pin driven into grandmamma is merely a misdirected pin, which should have been driven into somebody else. Make a soldier of John and let him handle a bayonet. In times of peace, John will make a capital shot. He will impel bullets into birds, instead of driving pins into grandmothers. What you want for John—and what, extensively, you want for all other energy and impulse that seems to be rather making a nuisance of itself—is, as they always say, a *diversion*; a new direction; a new object for the subject's eye. Here is John hammering away at the cat. Slip the cat away from under the hammer and place on the anvil a piece of tough steak for dinner. By dinner-time the steak will be tender and John will be a Boy Scout.

You were going to mention the Boy Scouts, were you not?

No doubt. The Boy Scout movement—wonderful! And yet we cannot help thinking, after some experience of infants, that the energies so eminently well-directed by this movement are mainly of the sort that would, if left alone, possibly have run to seed, or gone to harm; but would not preferably and without stimulus have run so or gone there.

We mean, the Movement saves ordinary good-bad boys, the average stuff; while the good stuff it exalts and dignifies. But real badness? Misdirected energy so directed because it likes it? Doesn't that also exist? A doubt at least remains with us as we remember that once we did in fact remove the cat from Johnny and placed something senseless under his hammer. He at once set up a howl. He wanted the cat. Energy well-directed was to him energy lost. Perhaps it is so with some Georgian, as it was with many Victorian, children. Perhaps it is unsafe, even now, entirely to disbelieve in badness.

W. M.

# THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

## "WE WON'T OBEY."

I WENT out to Capetown sixteen years ago and was married next day. The minister was Scotch, and I found I was only required to promise to "reasonably obey."

Would not that answer over here?

Anyhow, does it matter so much? as we generally do as we like, whatever we promise. F. A. S.

DO we not refuse to obey nowadays largely because so few people seem to be worth obedience? We owe obedience to God—to the Divine Principle. To whom and to what else do we owe it? When I was little, I was relentlessly "controlled" and dominated over by an uncle. He was not without his defects. For one thing, he drank, as was said, "more than was good for him." But he was an old man and I a little boy. He was my guardian and master. I had to submit. His influence upon

## THE FINEST RAILWAY STATIONS.

I WAS very much interested in "W. M.'s" article on the hideousness of railway stations. I should like to point out that two of the most beautiful buildings I have ever seen are railway stations, those of Ottawa and the Grand Central, New York. In America it is not customary to make public buildings hideous—it is left for artistic Europe to give offence to the aesthetic eye.

PERCIVAL YOUNG.

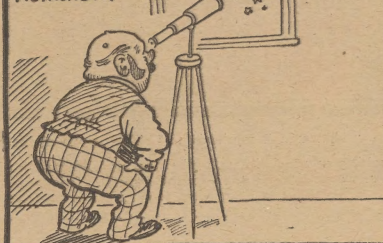
## WITHOUT JOBS.

"AMBITIOUS" is certainly right. And it seems sad that directors should employ unskilled labour under the impression that the dividends will thereby be higher. It is certainly false economy, to say the least of it.

Naturally, skilled labour will produce higher dividends far in excess of any extra output of

## HOW THEY REALLY BECAME FAMOUS.

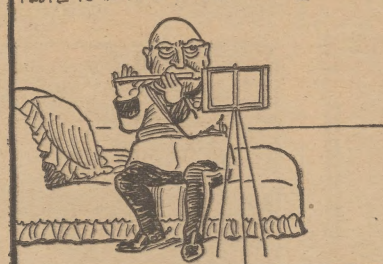
MR. JOHN HOGGES, THE MILLIONAIRE PORK BUTCHER, IS ONLY REALLY HAPPY WHEN HE IS STUDYING ASTRONOMY



MR. TUCK, FOUNDER OF THE FIRM OF TUCK AND GRUB (CATERERS), FINDS THE TRUE EXPRESSION OF HIS NATURE IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING



GEN. BRIMSTON BLAZINGTON, THE DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER, HAS ALWAYS PREFERRED PLAYING THE FLUTE TO ANYTHING ELSE IN LIFE



MR. DIMONDSTEIN, OF PARK LANE, SPENDS HOURS EACH DAY FEEDING THE DUCKS IN THE SERPENTINE - HE NEVER REALLY LIKED MAKING MONEY



MR. BURLINGTON JONES, THE SUCCESSFUL R.A., HAS A PASSION FOR RIDING TO HOUNDS



Successful men are known to the public mainly by their achievements in their respective businesses or arts. How is it, then, that "interviews" and biographical sketches always represent them in a new light, so that you might imagine that they had spent their whole lives in studying every subject but the one that has made them famous?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

me was not good. Nevertheless, our vicar once told me that it was my duty to do what I was told. Bryanston-street. GROWN-UP.

## THE KEEPING OF LENT.

"WHAT will you give up this Lent, Cyril?" I said to my little boy the other day.

His answer was: "Mutton, mother."

He particularly dislikes mutton, and I thought his remark, therefore, typical of many of those made by people who at this season give up things they don't want. D. W.

## IN THE PIT.

YOUR American correspondent says: "An express engine has never in America had to stop because it could not keep up steam."

Is this really so? Has he ever heard of a burst tube? Also I should have thought an American would have remained tactfully silent relative to railway accidents, but instead he goes on to deplore the recent disasters in this country, and says they have never happened in the history of the railroads of America. I might point out they occurred through neglect of duty, not inefficiency of system. ENGINEER.

money for higher salaries; in some cases unskilled labour is even paid at a higher rate than the skilled because directors don't like to feel that younger men than themselves know more than they do. Hence we have plenty of well-educated, well-trained, capable young men who cannot find an opening anywhere. R. J. GREWING.

## LOVE AND HATE.

Since to be loved hates.  
To love is wist:  
Earth hath no good but yours,  
Brave, joyful eyes.  
Earth hath no sin but thine,  
Dull eyes of scorn:  
O'er thee the sun doth pine  
And angels weep.

—ROBERT BRIDGES.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if wanted, thy sword is in another's hands. If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles.*

# UNMARRIED WOMEN.

## Do the Best or the Worst Get Left Out Homeless in the Cold?

I THINK your readers will find that nearly all unmarried women have received at least one offer of marriage. The two or three unmarried women I know intimately have received several.

It follows, then, that they failed to marry, not because they could not, but because they did not want to. This will make many of your women readers, as well as all the male ones, throw up their hands in amazement. I cannot help it. The facts remain as I say.

Most unmarried women are not women who are less attractive than their sisters. They are simply women, I am afraid, don't much care whom they marry, so long as they get married to somebody. All honour to the women who demand a higher standard of marriage. W. W.

I THINK it a disgrace to a womanhood and a stain upon the good name of "modest" Englishwomen, that so many women stoop to artifices to "cut each other out" while their more womanly sisters stand aside waiting for "Mr. Right" who is captured before he ever sets eyes on them.

I think that "S. M.'s" problem may be very simply answered.

The "eligible young man" is not likely to meet the "eligible young woman" by frequenting dances, theatres, restaurants, etc. It is said that a man is best known at his own fireside, and this equally applies to a woman. I am not condemning amusements, or saying that a woman's interests should be bounded by the four walls of her home, but I think that until Englishmen recognise that their first duty is to fit themselves for "home-makers" and "men-helpers" and not to capture men for their subsequent pleasure and comfort, then, and not till then, will the decent man have a fair chance of choosing a decent woman, or a decent woman of being chosen.

A PRESENT-DAY GIRL.

## "DISCONTENTED SPINSTER'S" letter

rouses my Scotch blood. I do not wonder at her being a discontented spinster. When she talks of the bachelor not bothering even to be intelligent, and accuses him of being a "blether," I can think of no finer example of the shoe being on the wrong foot, for blether is the only word adequately to describe such a remark.

"Discontented Spinster" would broaden her ideas considerably if she had the pleasure of the acquaintance of a few bachelors, for to say that a bachelor is one of the most miserable beings on earth is utter nonsense, and shows clearly that she has not yet shaken from thinking what amount of happiness a man would derive from sharing his life with one holding the same views. "Discontented Spinster," and I only wish (though it is with reluctance I do so to my fellow-contributors) that she will be allowed to remain a "Discontented Spinster."

J. F. J.

It seems to me that the opinion of "Contented Bachelor" is, to say the least of it, exceedingly selfish. He appears to ignore entirely his duty to the country.

It is perhaps as well that the majority of men are not of his opinion, or the race would soon become extinct. G. M. F.

## IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 26.—Now is a good time to plant the beautiful peonies, surely some of our finest hardy flowers. If they are to flower well they must be allowed to become established, so place them in a position where they need not be disturbed for many years. They like good and deeply dug soil, and, if possible, give them a sunny position facing west, for here the morning sun will not fall on the frozen flower buds during early spring.

The double and single Chinese peonies produce exquisite flowers, most of them being double rose-scented. Then there are the popular double European kinds.

E. F. T.



# "YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU": PLAY WITH THE NAME OF POPULAR SONG



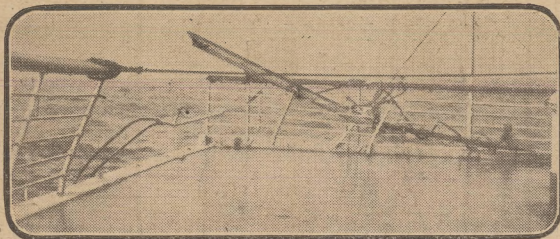
Violet Graham as Iris, a part which she plays with great success.



"That man is my husband." This is one of the most dramatic moments in the piece.

Messrs. Melville's exciting new melodrama at the Lyceum Theatre is called "You Made Me Love You," and the familiar strains of the popular melody are woven through the incidental music. It is by Mr. Percy Gordon Holmes, and promises to be just as successful as these Lyceum productions always are.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

## WASHED 35 YARDS BY A WAVE.



Damage caused to the Oceanic by a great wave. Mr. Adolphus Wright, stage manager of the Irish Players, and Mr. F. O'Donovan were carried thirty-five yards along the deck and cut and bruised.

## EXAGGERATED FASHIONS.



To wear a costume like this in London would require a good deal of courage. It is the creation of a Paris firm, and shows that exaggerated fashions are still popular on the other side of the English Channel. It has the sash, which is being made deeper and deeper.—(Photograph Austin.)

## SIR THOMAS DEWAR SHOTS BIG GAME.



Sir Thomas Dewar, who has just returned from a big-game hunting expedition in East Africa, has brought home many splendid trophies. The picture shows a wounded giraffe, shot at 150 yards, trying to regain its feet.

## PLAYS WITH "CRACKS."



Miss S. Lengten, a wonderful girl player, who is taking part in the international lawn tennis championships at Monte Carlo. Though only 14 years old, she plays against first-class players.



# INDIAN PRINCESS MARRIES ENGLISHMAN: NURSING HOME ROMANCE



The bridegroom in a rickshaw.

Mr. Lionel Mander.

Princess Sudhira, sister of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, and Mr. Alan J. Mander, who met and fell in love with each other in a London nursing home, have been married in Calcutta. Princess Pretiva, sister of the bride, is the wife of Mr. Lionel H. Mander, the bride-

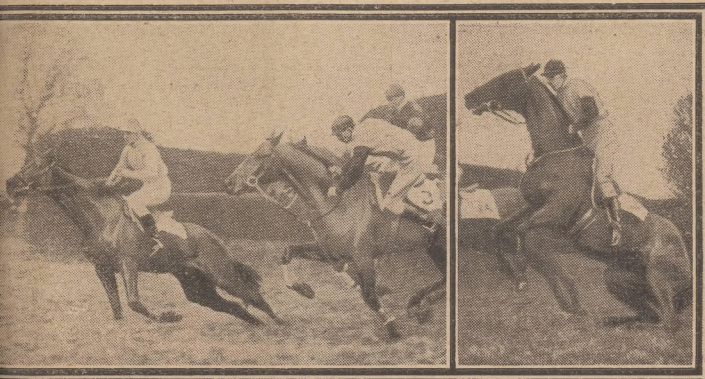


Princess Pretiva.

Princess Sudhira.

groom's brother. Mr. Patrick Nolan was the best man. He and the bridegroom were recently in a balloon accident, which occurred while they were crossing the English Channel, and both of them were nearly drowned.

## TWO BLUNDERS AT SANDOWN PARK.



Chief interest in yesterday's racing at Sandown centred in the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase. The pictures illustrate blunders in the race, the first being Wilkinstown, which did not complete the course, and the second Ilston, which just lost to Rory O'Moore.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## NEW CRUISER LAID DOWN.



Mrs. H. J. Langford Clarke, wife of the Captain of the Dockyard, laid the first keel-plate of his Majesty's ship Cleopatra, a light cruiser, at Devonport yesterday. The picture shows a workman passing the rivet from the forge to the electric rivetter.





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a **FREE SAMPLE!**

Perfect Margarine is a pure  
food, good for adults, good  
for children, good for all.

**Perfect Margarine**

**1/- DOUBLE WEIGHT 1/-**  
1lb. given FREE with each 1lb.; ½lb. given FREE with each ½lb.

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**PERFECT MARGARINE**  
will be given for this Coupon

at any Branch of the  
**HOME AND COLONIAL STORES.**

#### LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**DELPHI, Strand.**—To-night, at 8.15.  
Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Musical Production,  
"THE GIRL FROM UTAH." Matinee, Every Sat., at 2.  
Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel., 2565 and 6886 Ger.

**ALDWYCH.**—THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION.  
Evenings, at 8. Matinee, Wednesdays, 2.30.

**AMBASSADOR'S.**—To-night, at 8.30.  
"TOLSTOY'S GREAT DRAMA."  
ANNA KARENINA.

Matinee, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Regent 2890, 4938).

**APOLO.**—At 8.50, CHARLES HAWTREY  
in "NEVER SAY DIE," by W. H. Post. At 9.10, "The  
Wife Tamer." Mat., Thurs., Weds., and Sat., 2.15.

**COMEDY.**—THE TYRANNY OF TEARS.  
By C. Haddon Chambers.

To-night, at 8.30. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

**CRITERION.**—Nightly, at 9, a Comedy, en-  
titled "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS." Allan Ayres-  
worth, Leslie Venn, at 8.30. "State Secrets." Matinee,  
Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

**DALY'S THEATRE.**—To-night, at 8.  
Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production,  
"THE MARRIAGE MARKET." Musical Play, 3 acts.  
MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.

**DRURY LANE.**—To-night, at 7.30.  
"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED." GEORGE GRAVES and  
FLORENCE SMITHSON. LAST WEEKS.

**DUKE OF YORK'S.**—Evenings, at 8.30.  
(Charles Frohman presents) "THE LAND OF PROMISE."  
By W. S. Maugham. MATINEE, EVERY THURSDAY  
and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

**GAIETY.**—To-night, at 8, Mr. GEORGE  
EDWARDS' New Production, "AFTER THE GIRL."  
Matinee, Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

**GARRICK.**—To-night, at 8.30, Louis Meyer  
presents "WIDOW'S THE LADY," new 2-act farce from the  
French. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

**HAYMARKET.**—WITHIN THE LAW.  
To-night, at 9. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree.  
3.30. "A Dear Little Wife." Mat., Thurs., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S.**—To-night, at 8.15.  
"THE DARLING OF THE GODS."  
HERBERT TREE. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2.15. Tel., Ger. 1777.

**KINGSWAY.**—THE GREAT ADVENTURE.  
by Arnold Bennett. 8.20. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

**LITTLE THEATRE, John-st., Strand.**—At 9,  
"KIDNAP FOR THE NIGHT," by G. E. Cress.  
TERTON. At 8.30, "The Music-Cure," by BERNARD  
SHAW. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30. City 4927.

**LUXEMBOURG.**—To-night, at 7.45, MATS.  
L. WEDD and MAT. 2.30, NEW DRAMA, "YOU  
MADE ME LOVE YOU," by Percy Gordon Holmes. Pro-  
duced by Walter and Fred. Melville. Top. Prices, 6d. to  
5s. Ger. 7617-8.

**LYRIC.**—THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T.  
To-night, at 8.15.

**PIAHOUSE.**—To-night, at 9, Miss MARIE  
TEMPEST presents "THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."  
At 8.30, Mr. Warwick Pryce, Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

**PRINCE OF WALES.**—To-night, at 8.30,  
SEYMOUR HICKS and ELLAINE TURKES in  
"BROADWAY JONES," by George N. Cohan.  
MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

**PRINCES.**—NIGHTLY, at 8.15, Matinee, Wed-  
nesday and Saturday, at 2.30. WALTER HOWARD'S  
New Romantic Play, "THE STORY OF THE ROSARY."  
Prices, 6d. to 5s. 5003 Ger.

**QUEEN'S.**—Mr. Gaston Mayer presents a  
Great New Actor in a Great New Play, WALKER  
WINTERSIDE in "THE MELTING POT," by Israel Zangwill.  
Evenings, 8.15 sharp. Matinee Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

**NEW.**—At 8.15, "THE JOY RIDE LADY."  
Music by JEAN GILBERT. MATS., SATS., at 2.30.

**ROYALTY.**—To-morrow, at 8, Vedrenne and  
Eadie present "PEGGY AND HER HUSBAND," by  
Joseph Kesting. Preceded by "Acid Drops," by G. E.  
Jennings. DENNIS EADIE, GLADYS COOPER.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—To-night, at 8.40.  
"THE ATTACK," from the French of Henri Bernstein,  
George Egerton. GEORGE ALEXANDER and  
MARTHA HEDMAN. Last Two Nights.

**SAVOY.**—To-night, at 8.15.  
"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."  
Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER.

Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

**SHAFTESBURY.**—MUSICAL COMEDY.  
"THE PEARL GIRL." To-night, at 8. MAT. WEDS.  
SATS., 2.

**STAND.**—To-night, at 9, Louis Meyer  
presents MR. W.G. a New Anglo-Chinese Play,  
"MATHESON LANG." LILLIAN BRATHWAITE.

8.50, "The Entertainers." Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.15.

**VAUDEVILLE.**—Evening, To-night, at 9.  
HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND, by Richard Pryce.  
Adapted from Arnold Bennett's Novel.

At 8.50, Frederic Norton, Mat., Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

**WYNDHAM'S.**—To-night, 8, DIPLOMACY,  
by Victorien Sardou. MATS., WEDS., SATS., at 2.

**ALHAMBRA.**—KEEP SMILING.  
Revus. MAJAS STAIRCASE. Varieties, 8.15. Re-  
vues, 8.55. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.15. Reduced prices.

**HIPPODROME.**—Twice daily, at 2.30 and  
8 p.m., "HULLO, TANGO!" Ethel Levey, Shirley  
Kallong, Harry Tate, Gertrude Kirby, Toddlie Gerrard, Morris  
Harvey, etc., etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Ger.

**PALACE.**—"RIVALS FOR ROSAMUND," a  
Comedy, by ARNOLD BENNETT. In "Wash"  
SEVERIN MARS and IRENE BORDONI. In "L'IMPRES-  
SARIO," Miss Anka Layeva, Barclay Gammon (last week).  
NEXT WEEK, "WITNESS." Mat., Wed. and Sat., at 2.  
Full programme, Evgs., 8.

**PALLADIUM.**—6.10, 9.10. Mon., Wed., and  
Sat., 8.15. FRANK KIRBY and  
C. EVIE GREENE, JACK and EVELYN, CHAS.  
HART, T. E. DUNVILLE, IRMA LOBBRAINE, CRUIK,  
SIANK, GARDON, etc.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Skating on Mammoth  
Rink until 5 p.m. Cinema, Music, Band, Organ. In  
theatre, "THE KIDNAP POINT," 7.45. Return fare  
and Palace admission, 1s. 6d.

**MASKELYNE & DEVAULT'S MYSTERIES.**—  
At St. George's Hall, Oxford-circus, W. Daily at 3 and 8.  
"BIPP" (The Motor-Cycle Mystery). "THE XOGIS  
STAR," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. Mayfair, 1545.

**OLYMPIA.**—L. LAST 2 DAYS.  
"CAMP NAGENBECK'S WONDER 2000 AND BIG  
CIRCUS," 11 to 11.15. BIG CIRCUS, 2.30 and 7.45. AD-  
MISSION, 1s. 6d. Free Seats to CIRCUS RESERVED  
SEATS FOR CIRCUS (including Free Admission to Wonder  
Zoo) can now be looked at the United Libraries and at  
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**WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC.**—  
Herbert G. Ponting at Philharmonic Hall, Great Port-  
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Pictures. 1s. to 5s. 5003 Mayfair.

**DANCING.**

**MISS MIGNON WIGHT.** Member Imperial  
Society—Waltz, Boston, etc., 6 private lessons, £1 1s.  
TANGO, MAXIME, 5 private lessons, £1 1s.; Beginners' and  
practice classes, 2s. 6d. Mondays, 8.15. Richmond, Earl's Court.

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GRAMOPHONE, hornless, infallible Sheraton cabinet, height  
4ft., record cupboard, completely enclosed, on wheels;  
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**DIANOS.**—Boyd, Ltd., supply their gold medal pianos on  
deferred payments, or for cash, carrying free, cata-  
logues free.—Boyd, Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

#### GARDENING.

**18-EARLY PRIZE Chrysanthemums, 1s.; the best and  
earliest ever offered, all winners and just as easy to grow  
as common sorts; 12 first early, July to end September  
blooming, 1s.; 12 second early, end September onward, 1s.;  
colour: Shell Pink, Golden, White, Crimson, Bronze, Red,  
Purple, Cream, etc., many new sorts never before offered.  
Customer writes: "Those I had in season were  
beautiful; this makes my fourth season buying of you."**

The two collections 1s. 9d., carriage paid.—Bangor Bros.  
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**18-PRICED Rapid Climbers, 1s.; 3 Sweet-Scented Cle-  
matitis, Blue, White, Yellow; 2 Bell Flowers, White, Pink;  
2 Scarlet Flama Flowers, 2 Yellow Healthy Hops, 3 Sweet-  
Scented Honeycuculus, sure to thrive and increase yearly;  
gratis with instructions: 6 Ideal Plants (Double Pink Morn-  
ing Glory), grow anywhere, lovely Satin Pink, double as a rose,  
trembles, Caration, brims hundreds of bloom, male fine  
outdoorn; the whole Collection of Climbers 1s., carriage  
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**18-FANSIES.** Prize Pasties, 1s. 10d. in Kent.

**18-Large Prize Pansies, with anywhere, testimonials daily;**  
roots 1s. 5d. 10s. 1s. 2d., gratis, 5 Climbing Plants,  
Clematis, Honeysuckle, Ideal Plant; satisfaction certain;  
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Scented Carnations, as grown for export, all grown in  
the open; first-class varieties; grand colours, Scarlet, Rose,  
Pink, Crimson, White, etc.; 12 selected First Early, each  
flower 1s.; Second Early, 1s. 1s.; two Collections 1s. 6d.;  
gratis, 3 Climbing Plants, as above.—Bangor Bros., Nursery-  
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**OH! What a Surprise!—20 Packets Lovely Dahlia Seeds,**  
all new seeds, 1 packet New Collette's Dahlia, Stocks,  
CANADIAN "Northern" Potatoes, 20 packets, all named  
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ton, Middlesex.

**DREADNOUGHT Pansy Collection.**—60 Large Flowering  
Plants, 1s.; Blue Jolly, Yellow King, White Queen, Or-  
chid-dowered, Red, Monmouth, Pink Pearl, 10 of each  
variety; packed free for 1s.; 25,000 quarts, for hedging, 1 to  
100, 1s. 10d.—Clarke, 24, Hampton, Middlesex.

**18-Grand Wallflower Collection, 150 Plants, 1s.—20 Black  
Blood Red, 20 Primrose Daisy, 20 Cloak of Gold, 20  
Ruby Gem, 20 Veasleys (New Scarlet), 20 Cranford Beauty,  
10 Double; strong plants, 150, free on rail, Ls.—G. F. Lettis,  
Nurseryman, 129, Huddish, Suffolk.**

**SITUATIONS VACANT.**

**A.** Can you sketch? If so, you can make money by it.—  
Stamp for booklet, T. Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq., W.C.

**A.** bon of 84 offered to help agricultural men to Canada.  
Hetherington's, 101a, Strand.

**A.** USTRALIA. "Immigration"—Domestic servants,  
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dian, American, and Australian colonies; large ad-  
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**A.** You will on Chemists you can hear of a well-advised  
side line in great demand during spring and summer;  
liberal remuneration.—Write, stating your experience, to  
"Enthusiasm," c/o Street's, 30, Cornhill, E.C.

**NURSES.**—Probationers to be trained as medical nurses  
person at once. Apply for forms of application and  
conditions of service to the Medical Superintendent, Wesley  
Stages, Music-hall, Cinema.—Beginners write guide free;  
S. everything explained.—Graham, 295, Kensington-rd.

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**T.** The longer you wait, the more money you waste;  
apply to-day for "Personal Ownership," which will be  
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Address, The Managers, 246, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

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**CVICLES.**—Lady's and Gentleman's 1913 Model de Luxe,  
latest improvements, including 3-speed B.S.A. gear, ac-  
cessories, good cases perfect; reason offered; £4 10s. each;  
approval willingly.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London, N.

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**A.** BABY'S Lawn Clothes Set—50 pieces, 21s.; a perfect  
high-class entirely complete tapestry; ideal home wear;  
materials soft, pure and good; wonderfully beautiful, newest  
designs, amazingly cheap; bargain of loveliness; instant ap-  
proval.—Mrs. Wilfred Ware, The Chase, Nottingham.

**A.** BABY'S Lawn Clothes Set; 62 pieces; 21s., or 2s.  
weekly; extra; instant approval; 21s. 6d. each; approval free  
first 2s.—Miss Scott, 251, Unbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

**A.** Trussard—24 nightdresses, blouses, chemises, petticoats,  
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**BARGAIN** Costumes, Fur, Dresses, Blouses.—Dale's Dress  
Agency, 115, Edgware-rd., First Floor. Stamp catalogue.

**HANDKERCHIEFS** from Ireland—Gunt's fine Irish  
Linen handkerchiefs, Handkerchiefs, chemises, petticoats,  
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**T.** Dupont, 42, Upper Gloucester-pl., Baker-st., London, W.

**R.** Navy Navy, 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. yard, carriage paid;  
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**CHINA.**—Buy direct. Save money. No specialists in  
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Lovely tea, dinner and toilet sets, from 5s. Thousands of  
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Dept. 12, Bristol.

**CORK LINO.** "Kompresso" (Registered)—Ward's com-  
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boudoirs, etc.) and 1843 Park, Epsom, 30 years' expe-  
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**ARTIFICIAL Teeth** (old) Bought, all wish-  
ing to apply to the dental manufacturer instead of to provincial  
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turns sent by post. Write to-day. 10



## NEW MATERIALS OF THIS SPRING.

Study of Fabrics More Important Than Ever—An Expert's Notes.

### CROCODILE AND HONEYCOMB.

Women who wish to shop scientifically must first of all study fabrics.

In choosing her new spring dress so recently as a few seasons ago, a woman's selection was limited to half a dozen or so familiar materials, the changes being rung on colourings. Now at the beginning of each new season there is a bewildering choice of fabrics.

These are some of the entirely new and "new-old" materials which are puzzling women shoppers:

Crocodile suitings.  
Golfine.  
Frosted moiré.  
Froton pen de pêche.  
Honeycomb suitings.  
Corkscrew éponge.  
Tange square check suitings.

Moiré and striped ondines.  
Perlette directy.  
Bali coating.  
Suede éponge velours.  
Sponge crêpe.  
Lofah ratine.  
Côte de cheval.

And here is something about these materials:—  
"The crocodile and the honeycomb are two of the new weaves for tailor-made suits," reported the head of the dress material department of Messrs. John Barker and Company, High-street,

### 'DAILY MIRROR' DEMONSTRATIONS

TICKETS TO BE APPLIED FOR NOW.

WEDNESDAY NEXT—Repeat demonstrations of new spring millinery. Right hats and wrong hats, with many new features. 11.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. Application for tickets should be made at once to Messrs. Derry & Toms, High-street, Kensington.  
FRIDAY NEXT—"How to Tell a Bargain." Lecture demonstrations, Harrod's Stores, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Practical illustrations to prove whether goods are worth the money. Write for tickets to Messrs. Harrod, Brompton-road, S.W.

Kensington. "These new weaves are in plain-dyed woollen materials, and are very serviceable as well as smart."  
"They are so woven that they will not cease like a plain material."

"Another new weave as applied to woollen goods is moiré poplin for coats and skirts. This gives the smartness of moiré, which is to be so fashionable in the coming season, with the durability of a woollen material."

"Corkscrew éponge, a soft velours material, is a new weave likely to do well for the tailor-made, which is to combine smartness with service."

### CRÊPE EFFECTS A LEADING FEATURE.

"As crêpe effects are to be a leading feature of fashion, women who study the economics of dress will be interested in a new wool and silk crêpe, with a beautiful satin finish which has been produced to meet the demand for a good heavy crêpe suitable for tailor-made purposes."

"Another of its advantages is that, while a fairly heavy material, it lends itself to the long 'drapes' which play such an important part in present-day fashion. It will be seen in these colours:—

A new shade of Prussian blue, halfway between navy and gendarme.

A new combination colour, nameless as yet, which blends the "life" of the tango with the softness of old rose.

A new modiste, which has a fuller golden tint than its predecessors.

Mineral grey, sage and the beige shades associated with the covert coatings of last spring and summer, but now brought down to the material.

"In its new form pen de pêche may be recommended for those gowns and tailor-mades which are intended for smart rather than heavy wear, but too much heat and pressure in 'make-up' must be avoided, or the delicate surface of the new material has an even more pronounced sheen than last season—will suffer."

### TWO ABSORBING TOPICS.

Readers should make application at once for tickets for the next two fascinating lecture-demonstrations which have been arranged in connection with *The Daily Mirror* Academy of shopping.

Though the first—on the economics of the latest spring hats at Messrs. Derry and Toms, High-street, Kensington, on Wednesday—is a "repeat" demonstration arranged at the request of hundreds of women, it will have entirely new features.

The head of the millinery department is just back from Paris with a wealth of new ideas, and the new demonstrations will take an advanced form.

The second is to take place at Harrod's great establishment in the Brompton-road next Friday, on the absorbing topic "How to Tell a Bargain."

Tickets for both these demonstrations will be issued free of charge on application to the firms mentioned. Envelopes should be marked "Demonstration" in the top left-hand corner.

### INFLUENZA CURED IN A DAY.

A grateful letter from Mr. A. J. Doherty, Falcarragh, Co. Donegal, is worth repeating:—"About a week ago I tried the effect of Kephalol on a friend suffering badly from influenza, getting him to take tablets at intervals of an hour and a half, the result being that next day he was up and at his usual work, as well as ever in his life. I have tested many remedies, but never any so prompt and permanent in its effects as Kephalol."

There seems no doubt the enormous demand which Chemists are having for Dr. Stohr's Kephalol is based on results similar to Mr. Doherty's. No influenza attack can resist this great preparation.—(Advt.)

## NOW IS THE TIME TO FIGHT THE "BUSTLE."

Our Sketch Shows a Determined Effort Is Being Made to Introduce It.

Judging from discussions I have heard, the reason why Parisiennes in certain circles have adopted blue, and even green, hair is not clearly understood in England.

It has never been the fashion, in Paris at any rate, to adopt blue green hair in the spirit that might influence a smart woman to appear in henna-tinted locks one day and the next with the same locks dyed black! The fad for blue, green or vermilion hair is a "Futurist" one. Such hair is merely regarded as part of a colour scheme. A very famous painter recently stated that this idea is quite legitimate, even artistic.

### NOT THEIR OWN HAIR.

The Parisiennes have accepted blue and green hair in the same spirit in which, long ago, Jan Van Beers introduced green and purple hair into some of his finest portraits—a splash of unexpected colour at an effective point.

As a final word, I may say that the Parisiennes—even the most ardent Futurist amongst them—do not permit their own hair to be tinted blue, green or vermilion. These amazing head-dresses are invariably transformations.

### A CURIOUS OUTLINE.

In the sketch accompanying this article I have shown a new and very curious "line." Possibly this may be the outline of the future; possibly not, if the majority of women unite in considering the "bustle" outline unsightly.

My personal opinion is that women ought to join together and fight a "bustle revival" with vigour. Of all the meaningless fashions that have ever been introduced into the feminine world, this is the most meaningless and the most inartistic. Still, I am bound to record the fact that one or two leading Parisian dressmakers are trying hard to revive bustles.

### BACK TO THE WIRE CAGE.

In Paris these ridiculous affairs are called by the polite name "tournure," but that does not alter the fact that they are in reality the stupid wire cages which some years ago made our mothers and before that our grandmothers, figures of fun.

The bunched-up draperies shown in my sketch represent the thin end of the wedge. These are quite graceful, even charming. They give a quaint pannier effect which is distinctly flattering to a slender figure. The materials of the model I have chosen were navy blue silk cashmere and navy blue taffetas striped with red.

The graceful skirt was accordion-pleated. Then there was a cleverly arranged drapery which made a frame for the taffetas puffs. These puffs appeared only at the back of the gown, and the charming little corsage was



The newest spring models show a revival of the "bustle." A novel afternoon frock of navy blue silk cashmere. Corsage of blue and red-striped taffetas.

elaborate trimming of flowers and ribbons and its curious upward tilt.

It is quite certain that the Watteau and Dolly Varden hats will score a huge success this summer. They will practically carry all before them. And here, as in the case of bustle draperies, I must give a word of warning. These pretty flat hats will all be raised on stiff bandeaux, and when these bandeaux are allowed to reach an exaggerated height they destroy the proportion of head and hair.

It is some time since we have had hats raised at the side in our midst. We have become so accustomed to the close-fitting shapes which are drawn well down over the hair that the new outline seems startling; but this new outline will very quickly become ordinary, and then it will be necessary to fight the ever-active spirit of exaggeration.

For trimming these new flat hats have loose wreaths of roses, intermingled with loops and long ends of ribbons, the latter showing a picot edge more often than not. Some of these flat hats are turned up abruptly at the back, a stiff bandeau throwing them forward over the forehead; others are raised at one side and tilted over the left ear. They will look charming later on with light summer dresses.

PARISIENNE.

"Her hair may be of any colour God pleases," says Shakespeare's Benedict. The censorious business world says any colour except grey. If grey-ness has arrived or is arriving, do not wait another day. Seeger's will colour grey or faded hair to any desired shade by simply combing it through. It has a certified annual sale of over 400,000 bottles. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. If you enclose seven stamps to Hindes, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle-street, London, you will receive a sample bottle privately packed, which will enable you to prove the simplicity of the Seeger method, if it is not already known to you. The full-size bottle of Seeger's is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere for 2s.—(Advt.)

This is a portrait of a very well-known stage favourite, whose features must be familiar to the great majority of the competitors who attend the theatre. Prizes of £10 and 400 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of names of the originals with the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits appear.

Think of your Teeth!  
Use Odol!

### Crochet in Comfort!

Relieve yourself of annoyance caused by the ball of cotton that drops, entangles the cotton, and delays your progress.

Get a

### Wristlet Crochet Ball Holder

which suspends the ball just where you want it, allowing the cotton to unwind freely as required, without pulling. Invaluable to those who crochet when travelling.

The Wristlet is the only Crochet Ball Holder which may be used with any form of ball, soft, solid or with wood or cardboard centre. Neat and well made and lasts a lifetime.

Sold by Drapers, Jewellers, &c. Price 1/- each. Also other finishes at 1/6 to 5/-. Look for the trade mark "Practical Girl" on every box.

Avoid inferior imitations which are impractical and disappointing. If obtainable locally, send price and id. for postage to the makers.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO. LTD., 112A, DIAMOND HOUSE, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.

## CHILBLAINS

NEW SKIN is the best thing known; prevents breaking and quickly cures. Also for chaps. Paint it on and forget them. Won't wash off; you can wash over it. Antiseptic. Imitations disappoint. (Per bottle, 7d.) Boots' 555 shops, and all chemists and stores.

## NEW-SKIN

### FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE MUST GO. So Says Eminent Specialist.

If your back hurts flush out your kidneys. This is the advice given by a specialist, who says that backache is a forerunner of the dreaded kidney disease.

Nowadays we eat too much meat, which forms uric acid, excites the kidneys, and they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up, and thereby cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache, rheumatic twinges, severe headache, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, and bladder and kidney irritation.

The moment your back hurts or you feel your kidneys are not acting right or your bladder bothers you, get an ounce or two of carmalum compound from your chemist and take 8 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water 3 times a day, after meals, and your kidneys will then act fine.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the kidneys to a healthy action, and cleans them right out, enabling them to perform their work as nature intended. It neutralises the acidity in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders.

This fine old recipe has kept many people young even in their old age, and for those past middle life it is almost indispensable. Anyone suffering from Kidney or Bladder trouble should give it a trial. You will probably find it just what you need.—(Advt.)



## NEW SERIAL

## What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

## CHAPTER XVIII. (continued).

MR. Slew was seated at a table with his broad back to the light when Miss Cloan was ushered into the room. Her mouth was thin in anticipation of brusque treatment. She had already formulated a grievance against the inspector. Sitting in his office was not the way to investigate her brother's disappearance.

Slew rose and courteously motioned her to a chair. She raked his features with tragically searching eyes, but they told her nothing.

"I am Miss Cloan," she said—"Mr. Cloan's sister." What are you doing? What has been done?"

She emphasised her questions, which almost amounted to an accusation of negligence, with a left-handed gesture that revealed the nicotine stains on her thumb and two fingers. Mr. Slew observed without seeming to do so.

"We are continuing our inquiries," he said calmly.

"Sitting here in your office?"

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Slew, and asked Miss Cloan to excuse him for a moment. The telephone was whirring.

"Yes!" "Oh!" "Thanks!" was all Miss Cloan heard.

"Now, madam," he said, hanging up the instrument, "you wish to give information, I understand?"

Her nervous, ungloved hands were working.

"Have you established the identity of the man who was seen in conversation with my brother on the steamer?" She thrust her head forward in a way that gave the tendons and veins of her throat a strained look.

"Yes."

"A Mr. Kavanagh; a Mr. Fritz Kavanagh; one of the Prime Minister's private secretaries."

"That is so," agreed Slew.

"Well, have you seen him? Asked him to explain?"

"Not yet."

"You would be quicker if you were hurrying or hunting down some poor woman, whose only offence was a demand for the vote!"

Slew shook his head, but without any resentment.

## OUR NEW SERIAL.

## "THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S HEART."

A Wonderful Analysis of a Wife's Life.

Begins in "The Daily Mirror" on WEDNESDAY, March 4th.

ment. "No, no," he said quietly. "Demanding a vote—in itself—is neither a felony nor a misdemeanour."

Miss Cloan glanced at him; but his face was unreadable. Nothing about his expression to suggest something more lay behind the words.

"The anarchist, madam," he went on, "claims noble, impersonal motives when he blows up a king; but the act remains assassination. However—I'm rather pushed for time. I should be obliged if you would be concise."

"If you refuse us this vote—"

"If you please, madam."

"Torture women—they have tried every other way."

Miss Cloan's obsession had carried her away momentarily. She had leant across the table and stabbed out an accusing finger at Mr. Slew.

"I must ask you not to waste my time," he interrupted sternly.

Miss Cloan controlled herself. Slew had risen and looked like conducting her from the room, though as a matter of fact he had not yet done with her. But he wanted to bring her to the point. She was silent for a moment, like a woman in need of a pause in which to recover herself.

"My position is a most painful one!" she said at last. "I have no wish to tear the veil from my brother's married life unnecessarily; but it is necessary now."

Her thin hands were again working restlessly. Her fingers knotted and unknotted. Dry grief, tinged with her fiercer hunger for revenge, lit up her pale eyes.

"My brother was unhappy in his married life. This is painful, but it must be told—it may help you, throw light on the deck-hand's story. His wife—and Mr. Kavanagh—"

She paused and her face flushed as if some remnant of sex-modesty still remained in her and had asserted itself.

"My brother discovered certain facts. There was a scene between him and Mr. Kavanagh. There was bad blood between them, though my brother forgave his wife—on the condition that she sinned no more."

Her thin face was more deeply coloured. She was implying what had not been, what she had no justification to imply. But there was only one interpretation to be put upon her words. But this was like the woman whose sense of proportion had been destroyed, who lied sometimes for her vanity, and sometimes, in her perverted way, really believing that she was uttering the truth.

Slew was stroking his moustache. But his face remained sphinx-like, and he gave Miss Cloan the impression that she had not got home with her charges.

"This is most painful to me," she went on more thinly, under the stimulus of Slew's expression, the criterion weakening the value of her words.

"But I speak from knowledge of facts—from a message over the telephone that was meant for my brother's wife. I'm ready if needs be—to go into the witness-box. Pardon me, but—" she sobbed suddenly—"but Michael was my brother, my brother!"

She spoke of him in the past tense. But to her his death was an agonising certainty. Then she

seemed to realise that she was speaking intimately to a stranger and an antagonistic man. She stiffened her wasted, flat body.

"I didn't come here to show my feelings, but to put facts before you—facts which otherwise you would not have obtained."

Mr. Slew was prying holes into the blotting-paper in front of him with a pen. He was thinking of a film of a woman poised in a diving-board, of the big figure in evening dress that had lurched out from the shadow cast by a bungalow-verandah in the background into the strong daylight; a film that had linked up the now missing man with Mrs. Morland, the one-time tenant of The Nook.

Deitcham-on-Thames, and by suggesting lines of inquiry had led to the establishment of links between John Smith, murdered in a Bloomsbury flat, and Mrs. Morland, of the Chalet Mignon, Villeneuve, as well as of the bungalow, at one time on the stage under the name of Buona Ayres.

"You are in a position to prove—you wish me to understand—that relations were exceedingly strained between Mr. Cloan and Mr. Kavanagh?" said Slew.

"Yes!"

"But, according to the statement of Martin, the deck-hand, Mr. Cloan shook hands with the gentleman on the steamer, since ascertained to be Mr. Kavanagh. I mention this."

"What does that prove—where Mr. Kavanagh is concerned? Unless it be hypocrisy!"

Mr. Slew did not reply.

A knock on the door was followed by the entrance of a constable with a cablegram. Slew read it through. It was from Charbonel. It was a very concise and full report of Rajah Cloan's movements from the moment he quitted the steamer at Boulogne till his subsequent embarkation. At the restaurant quay he had purchased a flask of brandy. This was a little detail included in the report.

Miss Cloan watched him read. He irritated her. He was so deliberate. He was too coldly judicial in his manner. She had hoped to wring some melodramatic expression from him with her information, some statement that would have implied that he suspected Fritz Kavanagh, which would have given her revengeful hope. But he had done nothing of the kind. She told herself that he was prejudiced

against her, belittled the value of her statements, because she was a woman.

Slew placed the cablegram under a paper-weight. "Thank you, madam," he said. "But I'm going to ask you to remain for a few moments."

As he spoke he touched a bell. A constable answered the summons.

"Tell Mr. Penn," said Slew quietly, "that I have finished."

"Yes, sir."

Miss Cloan had risen; her eyelids were narrowed. The name of Penn was a hateful abomination in her ears. Chief Inspector Penn, of Scotland Yard, was a persecutor of women; was one of the chiefs of the department that was completely occupied with hounding down women, bringing home to them noble acts of protest such as burning down empty houses, and in guarding Cabinet Ministers, and rendering them inaccessible to petitions.

But there was a touch of fear, of haunted suspicion as well about Captain Cloan's expression.

She took a swift step towards the door, only to find that somehow Slew had got himself quietly, but very quickly, between her and the door.

"One moment," he said. "Mr. Penn wants you, Miss Cloan."

She drew back, and looked up her hands; looked for a moment as if she would claw her nails down the face of the big, calm-looking man between her and the door.

"What do you mean?" she whispered.

"Mr. Penn will tell you," answered Slew as Chief Inspector Penn stepped into the room.

"You are Caroline Cloan," said the inspector formally. "I hold a warrant for your arrest on a charge of wilfully setting fire to The Nook, Deitcham-on-Thames, between the hours of two and three o'clock this morning."

He added the usual caution.

Miss Cloan stiffened her thin body, swallowing at something that seemed to be threatening to choke her, before she laughed dryly and fiercely.

"I know no thing about it!" she said. She might be proved a liar, but the lie was justified. The Cause for which she had fought and had sacrificed so much in health as well as in money justified such lies. When women got the vote, they would be willing to tell the truth.

Mr. Slew merely appeared a spectator. Nevertheless, but for him his colleague had not been in a position to make the arrest. It was Slew who was responsible for the scolding of Caroline Cloan.

"We'll see about that, madam," said Inspector Penn. "In the meantime, I must ask you to come along with me."

Caroline Cloan drew back. Nothing could have been more courteous than Penn's manner in the circumstances.

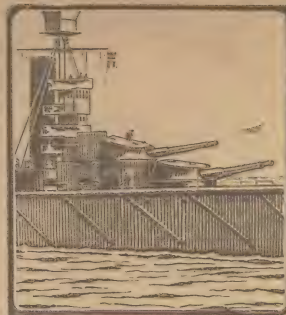
"I refuse!" she hissed. "I don't recognise your authority—when women have the vote—"

"Please, madam, come along quietly!" almost begged the inspector.

"When women have a share in making the laws—they will obey them!"

There was nearly a scream, and hard upon it Caroline Cloan flung herself down on the floor, where she lay flat, hissing out defiance and refusing to budge an inch voluntarily.

(To be continued.)

BATTLE CRUISER  
H.M.S. LION.THE FOREMOST GROUP OF  
GUNS IN H.M.S. LION.

This arrangement was introduced to admit of all turrets being placed on the centre line, the after turret being raised in order that four guns may be fired ahead.

PLAYER'S  
Navy Cut Cigarettes

MEDIUM STRENGTH

10 for 3d 20 for 5½d

Perfectly formed from the  
choicest growths of  
Old Virginia Tobacco.



14 DAYS TOUR in  
Glorious ITALY for 1/2

With every sample packet of C. & T. SALUTIS SOAP, sent post free for two 1d. stamps, we enclose full particulars of an easy competition in which the first prizes will be a number of free trips to the Beauty Spots of Italy. The tour will start in August. All fares, hotel bills, guides and excursions will be paid; also about 150 MONEY PRIZES will be awarded.

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is made from genuine Tuscan Olive Oil and is unequalled for imparting that soft delicate bloom which is the chief beauty of a perfect complexion.

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Doctors  
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PLASMON  
ALL NOURISHMENT OATS

BECAUSE

6d. per Packet.

"It is 70% MORE NOURISHING than  
any other oats whatsoever."—Vide Lancel.

Delicious nutty flavour—Five minutes' boiling only—  
double the quantity of porridge.



## HAVE YOU HAD INFLUENZA?

There are certain disorders, such as influenza, that especially debilitate and make the body an easy prey for more dangerous diseases. Ask those who have had influenza regarding the present condition of their health, and most of them will answer: "Since I had influenza I have never been well."

They still have profuse perspiration, the persistent weakness of the limbs, the disordered digestion, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart caused by the thin-blooded condition in which the influenza almost always leaves its victims after the fever has subsided. They are, furthermore, at the mercy of relapses and of complications, often very serious. In an attack of influenza there is a rapid thinning of the blood, and not until the blood is built up again is complete health restored.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quickly make the blood rich and red, drive out the lingering germs from the system and transform despondent influenza victims into cheerful, healthy men and women.

As an illustration we cite the case of Miss M. Heywood, of 11, Doctor St., Burnley, who says:—

"Last year I had had an attack of influenza. One doctor said that I was dangerously weak."

"Then Bronchitis followed, and I had to remain in bed. My digestion was too weak to manage anything better than beef-tea or milk. Though I took medicine, I still seemed to have mistered me."

"One friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few doses of these Pills awakened an appetite; then steadily my strength grew, and my nerves were lifted up."

"After regularly taking a few more doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was completely cured."

"Try these pills for any form of debility caused by thin blood."

All dealers sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Get a box to-day and begin at once to regain your health. In case of difficulty or doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, enclosing 2s. 6d. in a bottle or 13s. 6d. for six boxes, for substitutes are useless."

Write a postcard asking for free booklet "The Blood and Its Work," addressing it to the Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London. (Advt.)

### This Home-Made Cough Syrup will Surprise You Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly. Family Supply at Small Cost.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly, and usually cures the most stubborn case in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for 12s. 6d. Mix one and a half breakfast cups of granulated sugar with one breakfast cup of hot water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (costing about 2s. 6d.) in a bottle and add the sugar syrup. Take two teaspoonfuls every two hours. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medicinal value of pine in treating coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. There is nothing better. Pinex is the most valuable extract of genuine Norway Pine, rich in ginseng, so healing to the membranes.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes, which explains why the plant has been imitated often, though never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your chemist has Pinex, or can easily get it for you. (Advt.)

## FALLING HAIR MEANS

## DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save your hair! Get a 1/1½ bottle of Danderine to-day.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scour.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—now—any time—will save your hair.

Get a 1s. 1½d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any Chemist, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is its natural right. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance, an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. (Advt.)

Purity, Wholeness and Flavour combine to make

**Golden Shred Marmalade**  
A Brilliant Success.  
ROBERTSON—Only Maker.

## THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

## Confidence Trick in Silk.

That he wore a silk hat to inspire confidence in his victims, was stated yesterday of George Christy, a waiter, sentenced for theft at London Sessions.

## Britain's Largest Ship.

Britain's largest ship, the White Star liner Britannic, which, with a tonnage of 50,000, is 900ft. long, was launched yesterday at Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard.

## Negro Who Wants a Throne.

The proposed establishment of a negro kingdom on the African Gold Coast by Chief Sam, an Oklahoma negro, is being inquired into, says Reuter, by the Department of Justice at Washington.

## Growing Army of Girl Workers.

"Two-thirds of the girls who left school within the ages of fifteen and twenty-five are earning their living," said the Hon. Emily Kincaid at a Y.W.C.A. meeting yesterday in London in support of hostels for girls.

## VISCOUNT AND THE FILM.

Lord Dangan Married to Member of Gaiety Company in America.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—Viscount Dangan has married Miss May Picard, an American member of the Gaiety company. Mr. Harry Burcher, stage manager of "The Girl on the Film," and Mr. George Grossmith were the witnesses.

Viscount Dangan is the son and heir of Earl Cowley. He went to America with the Gaiety company, and was to have sailed with them for England on the Cedric to-day. He has, however, cancelled his passage.—Central News.

Viscount Dangan's career bids fair to become one of the romances of the peerage.

He began life in the Army, but told the world through *The Daily Mirror* that he resigned his commission in the 5th Lancers because "the life was too mechanical, too automatic, too conventional, and I am really a Bohemian, you know."

"I was put in the Army against my will, and I didn't like it. My salary is all I have. I have had nothing but what I earned since I left the Army, but I am quite happy. What I shall ultimately become I don't know, but my ambition is the theatre, and I should certainly like to act professionally in serious drama."

Viscount Dangan was a scene painter's assistant before he joined the Gaiety company. He was engaged by Mr. O. P. Beaumont, scenic artist to the Quinlan Opera Company, at a wage of 25s. a week in April, 1911.

So well did he clean palettes, mix paints and do the rest of the odd jobs of the studio that at the end of his first week he got a 3s. rise, and by the beginning of May was enjoying a salary of £2.

Three months later he was appearing in "Peggy" at the Gaiety. In May last year he was playing Lord Romy in "The Girl on the Film," and it was then that he was reported to be engaged to Miss Pearl Aufreire, one of the girls in "Hullo, Ragtime." But the engagement was afterwards emphatically denied by the young viscount.

## TIGER THAT ATE A WOMAN.

PARIS, Feb. 26.—While a woman and her brother, aged twelve, were walking near the village of Bo, according to Tonkin newspapers which have just arrived here, a tiger sprang out and carried the woman into the jungle.

The boy raised an alarm and sportsmen came to his aid. They hurried into the jungle, but were only able to recover mutilated remains, the boy's sister having been eaten by the tiger.



## Brutal Outrage on Child.

Suspected of attacking his daughter of three, who was found in a Liverpool backyard with her throat cut and now lies in hospital in a critical condition, Joseph Spooner, the child's father, was yesterday arrested.

## Might Have Added an Onion.

Having been married at Hodeworth Church, Devon, to the presence of many Royal relatives, two spouses were driven behind grey horses to an encampment at Holcombe, where they were entertained to a wedding breakfast consisting of bread and cheese.

## Scene After Sumner's Execution.

When the notice was posted up outside Walton Prison, Liverpool, yesterday morning that George Ball, better known as Sumner, had been executed for the murder of Miss Bradfield the rush of the crowd to read it was so great that several people were knocked down.

## VISCOUNT AND THE FILM. 'RED HOT FLOOR' OF HELL.

Lord Dangan Married to Member of Gaiety Company in America. Terrible Pictures in "Book for Children"—Should It Be Suppressed?

See on the middle of that red-hot floor stands a girl. She looks about sixteen years old. Her bare feet stand on the red-hot burning floor. Not for one single moment during the never-ending eternity of years shall you ever see this red-hot floor.

This is an extract from a book described as "a book for children and young persons." It is entitled "The Sight of Hell," and the *Christian Commonwealth* yesterday published portions of the book, which a writer declares is a "vile publication and ought to be suppressed by law."

The title-page reads:—

Books for Children and Young Persons. Book X.—The Sight of Hell. By Dr. De la Beche, J. Furness, C.B.E. Published by the Christian Commonwealth, Dublin, James Duffy and Co., Ltd., 35 Waterman's Lane, Fleet Street, E.C. 4, London.

Here are a few passages from the book:—

"Listen! there is a sound just like that of a kettle boiling. Is it really a kettle which is boiling? The blood is boiling in the scalded veins of that boy. The brain is boiling and bubbling in his head. The marrow is boiling in his bones!"

"Ask him out the question to him, why is he thus tormented? His answer is, that when he was alive, his blood boiled to do very wicked things, and he did them. And it was for that he went to dancing-houses, public-houses and theatres."

"The little child is in this red-hot oven. Hear how it screams to come out. See how it turns and twists itself about in the fire. It beats its head against the roof of the oven. It stamps its little feet on the floor of the oven."

## STOCKS AND SHARES.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C. Times have indeed changed in the Stock Exchange. The activity and strength of markets during the early part of the year has gradually but surely died away, and in its place has come depression.

Paris has been in a very weak condition and has unloaded its shares on this side, while the anxiety over the financial position in Brazil has added to the feeling of uneasiness. Mexico, too, with its political troubles, has played not a small part in bringing about the depression.

Markets yesterday were rather weak in the morning, but a rally occurred later, and changes on balance were usually of small extent. Consols were the one outstanding feature, closing ½ higher at 76½, after being 75½.

Among Newspaper prices Amalgamated Press Ordinary and Preference were again quoted at 5½ and 22s. respectively. Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 24s. 3d. and 21s. 6d., and Pictorial Newspaper Ordinary and Preference at 22s. 9d. and 18s. 8d.

## "TOUCHWOOD."

THE WONDERFUL EASTERN MASCOOT.

"The luckiest charm in the world, without doubt, is this ancient talisman, 'Touchwood.' Nobody knows how old he is, for right back in the very beginning of things he seems to have been used and believed in as a bringer of Good Luck, Happiness and Prosperity to those that wear him."

The Eastern people call him their Holy Charm because his little head is made of Sacred Oak, with limbs of gold or silver, whichever is preferred; his eyes have a curious fascination and seem to stare and follow one until almost out of sight. The Easterns make say that when his eyes he averts ill-luck and protects the wearer against misfortune.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA was so delighted with this wonderful luck-bringer that HER MAJESTY was supplied with a large number of them.

Since the announcement of the arrival of this Eastern Wonder thousands of orders have been received for them, and repeats come by every post from delighted purchasers. We have now made special arrangements with the Sole London Agents, Messrs. H. Brandon and Co., of 317, High Holborn, to deliver to us a special large assortment in order to cope with the exceptional demand. Read what the Press says:—

## THE NEWEST MASCOOT.

The latest Eastern mascoot to reach this country is the quaint little mascoot 'Touchwood,' who is said to be the bringer of good fortune. The Eastern people call it the Holy Charm, because its little head is made of sacred oak, the arms and legs of gold. In America they are in great demand, especially the gold ones, and are worn by thousands of men and women on bangles, watch-chains, etc.—'Graphic.'

## MASCOOT AND ITS EYES.

Many persons wear "lucky" stones and many wear the wrong one, because they choose it according to the calendar month, and not the Zodiacal month. Touchwood, the mysterious and popular Eastern mascoot can be purchased with eyes of gold or silver, and is one for each Zodiacal month.—'The Globe,' Jan. 31, 1914.

"TOUCHWOOD" Mascoot, with Eyes of Real Gems, according to the Zodiacal Month for Birthday Gifts.

## LUCKY MASCOOT, SET IN 9-CT. GOLD.

With eyes of Real Stone.	Zodiacal Sign.	Dates.
Garnet	Aries	Jan. 21 to Feb. 18
Amethyst	Pisces	Feb. 19 to Mar. 20
Bloodstone	Scorpio	Mar. 21 to Apr. 20
Sapphire	Taurus	Apr. 21 to May 21
Emerald	Gemini	May 22 to June 21
Agate	Cancer	June 22 to July 23
Ruby	Leo	July 24 to Aug. 23
Sardonyx	Virgo	Aug. 24 to Sept. 23
Chrysolite	Libra	Sept. 24 to Oct. 23
Opal	Scorpio	Oct. 24 to Nov. 22
Topaz	Sagittarius	Nov. 23 to Dec. 22
Turquoise	Capricorn	Dec. 23 to Jan. 20

£1 1s. 0d. EACH.  
Silver Gilt, 15s. In Sterling Silver, 10s.  
Lucky Mascoot, set in Silver ..... 1s. 6d. each.  
Lucky Mascoot, set in 9-ct. Gold 5s. 6d. each.  
With eyes of Imitation Ruby, Sapphire, Emerald, Diamonds, Topaz, Amethyst, etc.

## MOTORISTS AND MASCOOTS.

All owners of motor-cars are delighted to hear we have produced a special large size "Touchwood" mascoot to take the place of the senseless and useless gillows, Teddy-bear and billykin. This wonderful charm fixes on the bonnet, perched on a brass rod, from which he surveys everything and everybody with his mysterious eyes, always on the qui vive to avert danger.

These can be seen in the jewellery department, price 21s.  
Address all orders for these Mascoots to the Jewellery Dept., DERRY AND TOMES, Kensington High-street, London, W. Telephone No. 3350 Kensington. (Advt.)

## The Check-Apron Girl, says:

I use Corn Flour every time I cook a meal.

Corn Flour made my reputation for delicate dishes.

I use Brown & Polson's 'Patent' Corn Flour because it goes farthest and gives the most delicious flavour.



**Brown & Polson's**  
"Patent" Corn Flour.



## STAMFORD BRIDGE

## The Great SKIN-CUR

A box of Zam-Buk is a wise and necessary investment for every home, for curing eczema, ringworm, scalp sores, bad legs, poisoned wounds, piles, ulcers, or troublesome skin diseases; also for properly treating cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sore hands, faces and necks, sprains & strains, etc.

*Sold in sealed boxes; of all chemists.*







The King Sees the "Giants" and "White Sox" Play Baseball : Pictures

ROMANTIC  
Marriage of  
Englishman to  
Indian Princess:  
Pictures.

# The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

THE most Popular Annual is  
"Daily Mirror  
Reflections" by W.  
K. Haselden. 6d.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN TENNIEL: GREAT ARTIST WHO DREW 3,000 "PUNCH" PICTURES.



"Dropping the Pilot," which appeared when Prince Bismarck resigned.

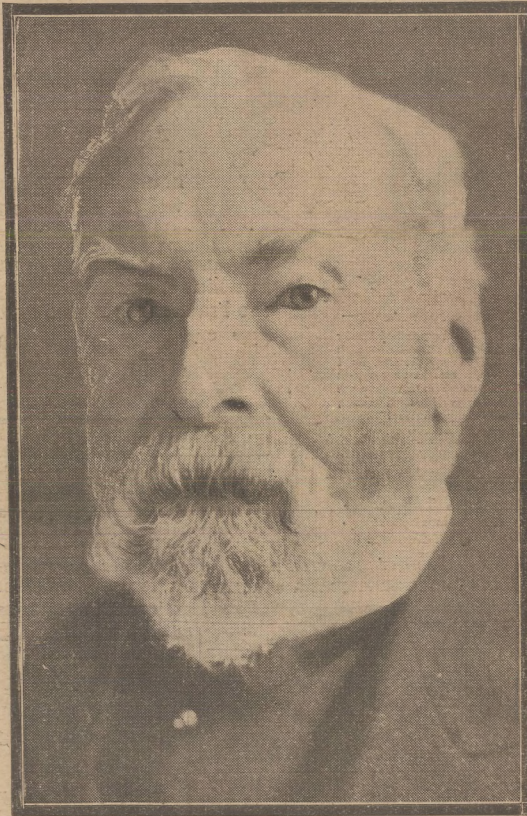


Alice, as immortalised by Sir John.



The Mad Hatter at the tea-party.

From "Alice in Wonderland," by 'courtesy' of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.



Sir John. He would have been ninety-four to-morrow.—(Haines.)



"Time's Appeal," a reminder of the Boer war. His last cartoon, it appeared on January 2, 1901.



"Lord Jack the Giant Killer," his first cartoon.

link with the early Victorians has been severed by the death of Sir John Tenniel, famous cartoonist and illustrator of "Alice in Wonderland." He joined the staff *Punch* in the middle of last century, his first big cartoon appearing in 1851. Lord

John Russell is in armour being backed up by Punch and John Bull to go for "Giant Pope" with a sword labelled "Act of Parliament"—the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. (The cartoons are reproduced by courtesy of *Punch*.)